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Things in General

HAPPILY there have been few such episodes in the history of Parliamentary debate in Canada as Mr. Gage's statement on the floor of the Legislature on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Gage is the much-discussed member for Manitoulin Island, who, though elected as a Conservative, announced his intention some weeks ago of giving the Government his support. In brief, he now says that he was bribed with hard cash to change his allegiance. He connects the Hon. J. R. Stratton with the transaction, and claims that he (Gage) was justified in accepting the money offered him, in order to obtain convincing proof of the corruptness of the Government. Part of the money alleged to have been paid to him and all the documents in the case Mr. Gage laid upon the desk of his leader, Mr. Whitney. Mr. Gage's statement was a very long and detailed one, but the position of the whole matter is briefly as here stated.

True or untrue, the fact that such charges could be made by a member from his place in the House is a serious reflection on the moral degradation we have reached in the politics of this province. The good name and honor of Ontario, not merely the political fortunes of a Cabinet or a party, are involved. Mr. Gage's charges have created a profound sensation and stirred the public mind and conscience as it has seldom been stirred. There is to-day but one subject talked about where men meet together, and until this matter is investigated to its depths and the truth fully established, no matter who may be hurt in the process, there can be but one question and one single issue in the politics of Ontario.

Premier Ross has promised an investigation of the charges involving the honor of his colleague, the Provincial Secretary. This investigation, to satisfy the popular temper, will have to be of the most impartial and sweeping character. No partisan or personal consideration must stand in the way. If there are bribes occupying exalted position, enjoying the emoluments and wielding the authority of office, they must be punished and driven from public life, no matter who or what they may be. Until such investigation is instituted, however, the press and public are in duty bound to suspend judgment. Mr. Gage's charges, having been duly filed, are now in the strictest sense sub judice, and no immediate expression of opinion on their merits will further any good end. In the meantime, pending inquiry, it is clearly the duty of the Hon. J. R. Stratton, in justice to himself, to his colleagues, and to the Crown, of which he is a sworn adviser, to resign his portfolio. Such a step would not be in any sense an admission of guilt and could not be so interpreted. But Mr. Stratton is, until adjudged guilty or innocent of the charges brought against him, an accused person; and an accused person ought to be a councillor of the Sovereign or of the Sovereign's representative. Here we come to the famous policy of the Dominion Government in continuing in office as Lieutenant-Governor of this province a gentleman who is no longer physically capable of discharging his constitutional duties. Sir Oliver Mowat is an admirable character, to whom everybody wishes well, but here is Ontario face to face with a political crisis the gravity of which has not been approached perhaps in its whole history—a crisis which may yet demand alertness, energy and authority in the Lieutenant-Governor if justice is to be done and the interests of the people safeguarded; but instead of these qualities being found in the Executive mansion, there is amiable and invalid old age, while an administrator has to be appointed for the discharge of the more formal and petty functions of the Governorship. Without the least desire to be unkind to Sir Oliver, I must say he ought to have been retired at the end of his term. Before the present political crisis is through with, it may easily happen that the necessity for a Lieutenant-Governor who is capable of being it in fact as well as in name may become apparent to all.

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER'S defeat in the by-election in North Ontario may mean the political extinction of one of the most gifted but least magnetic public men this country has produced. Mr. Foster, with all his splendid intellectuality, has made far less impression on the affairs of his country than some more mediocre men, and his failure seems to consist in his lack of power to make friends. Though not at all an unlikely man, it has often been remarked that he is a man with absolutely no personal following, and though his defeat seems to be very generally regretted in a somewhat vague way, his former associates in the Conservative party will experience no keen personal grief, but if anything a selfish regret that his much-required services as a financial and general critic are not to be at the Opposition's disposal. If Mr. Foster's political extinction has been compassed, there is something tragic and touching in the thought of this brilliant man who for so long basked in office and no doubt permitted himself to cherish dreams of still higher honor and preferment, coming to the end of it all in the political ditch, with the goal hopelessly distant and the realization of failure upon him. It must be a small man who can gloat over the Hon. George E. Foster's discomfiture under such circumstances. As for the reasons for the ex-Finance Minister's rather unlooked-for defeat, these would appear to be very largely of a personal nature. Mr. Foster was practically unknown in North Ontario and had for his opponent a young man who by common consent is acknowledged to be rarely gifted and exceptionally attractive. It may be that in such a constituency as North Ontario, which is purely agricultural, low tariff arguments carry more weight than in constituencies where, as in North Grey for example, industry is more diversified. If the result of the North Ontario election should be to commit the Laurier Government definitely to a low tariff policy, the victory of Mr. Grant and defeat of Mr. Foster may prove in the end a disastrous thing for the Liberals.

THE English blacklisting law, which recently went into force for the restraint of drunkenness, is said to be working fairly effectively in the lower orders of English society at all events. It is not the only novel experiment that is being tried with the object of restraining habitual drunkards, for Iowa passed a law last year permitting the confinement of drunkards in lunatic asylums. It made little stir, but within eight months three hundred alcoholic patients were under restraint and treatment. An Iowa despatch, quoted by "Harper's Weekly," says that inebriates continue to flow into the State asylums at the rate of about fifty a month, and that an Iowa court has just ruled that their constitutional rights are not violated by their detention. Some of the inebriates don't like to be shut up, but the treatment they get seems to be humane and salutary. Their liquor is stopped, and they have to work on farms, and are encouraged to improve their habits. When they seem to be cured they are discharged, and reports say that, so far, about seventy-five per cent. of the cases have so resulted.

BELLOWING and bloodthirsty, with tail up, head down and nostrils distended, the "World" romps daily out of the bull-ring and rushes at the first thing handy, animate or inanimate, real or imagined. If it is some unsubstantial shadow thrown by a passing cloud the charge may be diverting to the onlookers, though not remarkably productive of results. This particular bull has been observed to charge mere clouds and shadows, and chase them to his heart's content under the delusion that they were fleeing from him. If a luckless fence-post or knoll happens to engage Mister Bull's attention, there remains some matchwood to clear away or a cloud of dust to settle, and that is all. If, however, as the bull prefers, it is a substantial person or thing that lies in the course of his excursion, there is apt to be gore on the grass, debris on the sidewalk, and a job for either the junkman or the undertaker. The point is that the bull doesn't seem to care a straw whether he attacks a shadow or a shack, a saint or a sinner; whether he succeeds in wrecking a whole china shop or merely pokes his horns through the proprietor's waistcoat. He is a delightfully reckless, rakish, playful and obstreperous sort of bull. An experienced charger and rapid retreat, he seldom stands to get the worst of it in an encounter. To be sure, the "World" never really means an

harm. It simply acts on a jocular assumption that all capitalists are banderilleros, all judges and magistrates picadors, and that every person in office or authority is a torero standing to invite conflict and meet to be charged and routed from the field. Besides, as a distinguished authority has lately remarked, "A public journal, like an individual, develops character and personality, and only by gradual steps can it deny its past." For years the "World" has striven to figure as the wild bull of newspaperdom. In this role it has a well-earned reputation to sustain. The more fragments of clothing and cross-sections of anatomy it carries about on its horns the more secure its fame among all the little bulls and all the would-be bulls, and the greater dread it inspires in people who want to be neither the bulls nor the bullied of human society.

This somewhat extended analogy is suggested by the extraordinarily frisky and rampaging outbreak the "World" has recently indulged in, commencing with the power question and winding up with the Bell Telephone case at Whitevale and the abortive suit of Toronto against the Consumers' Gas Company. In all of these matters there was and is good ground for honest, intelligent service in behalf of the general public against the extreme pretensions of monopolistic corporations. But the "World," in its usual "breathy" fashion, has simply pawed the ground and blared and butted and jumped fences in a blind fury, till everybody has got sick of the dust and noise. There never was a good cause which the "World" attempted to serve which it did not injure by its extremes. There never was a good cause which it espoused on which it did not seek to place the "World's" imprimatur, to the exclusion of all other

"World's" usual sensational style; and in connection with the magistrates' disagreement and Judge Street's decision in the gas suit, on which it was undoubtedly intended to serve as additional comment, this article must be pronounced a most offensive and uncalculated piece of writing. The article leads off with the statement that "strange things are coming to light these days," and then confidentially informs the reader that the corporations are banded together in a secret organization for purposes offensive and defensive. The companies are assessed for "legal expenses" and they love to fight in the courts (the inference being that they bribe judges). They "manipulate" Crown Attorneys, members of municipal councils, of Legislatures, of Parliament, Ministers, even the legal representatives engaged by the people. The meaning of "manipulate" is evident, particularly as the "World" says they "effect their ends with money." Then the article continues: "Magistrates, the people's officials, Crown officials, jurymen, are right up and alongside the most stupendous temptations ever before known to our history. A man in any one of these positions can make thousands of dollars in a day. He's only got to waver, to neglect a point, to pretend that he has a divided view, to appear to be in dead earnest for the people and yet to—"

There is a great deal more to the same effect—a great deal about newspapers, judges, Cabinet Ministers, in fact everybody but the "World" editor, and by implication all are charged with corrupt subservience to corporations, with, in fact, receiving bribes regularly and directly to betray their duty. There is no doubt that wealthy corporations enjoying monopolistic privileges are dictatorial and unscrupulous. But that every man has his price, that the Parliaments, the coun-

keep a great depth, but also in the large cities, where no attempt is made to cart it away and where every vehicle, all winter long, is provided with runners. One serious consequence of the heavy snowfalls are the burying and freezing of the street hydrants in the cities, which supply water to fire engines in case of a fire. This is a source of peril to life and property and a condition that must be remedied.

Very few Canadians will recognize in the description any of the features of a genuine, average Canadian winter. For Montreal and Quebec such a description may hold good to a limited extent, though even for those cities it is highly colored. The editor of "Leslie's Weekly" should be invited to visit Toronto or some other Ontario city in the winter. He would have to stay some considerable time to be sure of witnessing a "blinding snow-storm." He would be lucky if he got a sleigh ride at all. Certainly he would not find the streets blocked with the "beautiful," the vehicles all on runners, and the hydrants buried and frozen. He might have to lay aside the fur overcoat which he is compelled to wear in raw and wind-swept New York. He would be likely to see here in almost any week during the winter more sunshine than he could tote together in New York from December to April. Otherwise he would be unable to perceive any marked difference between the much-talked-of severe Canadian winter and the climate of Manhattan.

GOOD times is merely a relative term, and an exchange tells a story which so aptly illustrates an economic condition which many persons, both employers and wage earners, have had to face, that the whole paragraph in which it is narrated is worth copying. The incident happened in New York, where a gentleman's gardener came to him one day last month and desired audience. Said he: "You use me well, sir; I have nothing to complain of; but the under-gardener bought a house two years ago, expecting to be able to make payments on it. He did make some payments, but subsistence—coal, meat, rent, and the like—has come to be so dear, that he has fallen behind and is like to lose his house and all that he has paid on it. I think perhaps, sir, you would think it well to give him some help." The gentleman assented, and agreed to increase the under-gardener's pay by a sum which the gardener thought would be sufficient. Then said he: "How does it go with yourself, James? Do you get along well?" "Oh, I get along, sir; I have been able until lately to put aside part of my wages. I cannot do that just now, but I am hoping for better times." The obvious moral of this true tale from real life is that the times are not equally good for all persons, and that those whose incomes have long been fixed are not embarrassed by the riches which are advertised to be inundating the country. The better times which the gardener hopes for are likely to come by the automatic working of processes now operative. The general rise in the cost of labor and all products of labor must work in time the restriction of all constructive enterprise, until prices, declining to meet a lessening demand, make it feasible again for a thrifty gardener who has a good job to save something out of his pay.

ALDERMAN SPENCE'S motion to abolish the Fire and Light Committee by depriving it of the functions it at present discharges, is a move in the right direction and ought to receive the endorsement of the City Council, though there is little prospect, I fear, of its going through. Not only should the Fire and Light Committee be abolished, or at least of its powers; all the committees of Council should be treated similarly. City government in Toronto would be a great deal more satisfactory if this were done. Heads of departments are being constantly hampered and nagged at and interfered with by chairmen of committees. There cannot be strong government in this city so long as the present committee system is permitted to live.

THE Burdick murder mystery in Buffalo has opened up a social scandal which for downright nastiness has never been surpassed in the corrupt society circles of monarchical and aristocratic lands. Canadians have really no interest in this Burdick case, and why should our daily press be loaded with its sickening details simply because a Canadian girl has been unfortunate enough to be dragged into the police proceedings? We in Toronto know nothing and care less about Burdick and the disgraceful amusements of the fast men and women of Buffalo. It is an outrage on Canadian readers to fill the columns of newspapers which go into the homes of our people with the reeking details of orgies and debauches practised by a section of Buffalo's "smart set." While the murderer of Burdick must be sought and found, there is no reason why Canadian readers should be regaled indiscriminately with accounts of the dead man's alleged relations with demi-mondaines and the wives of his neighbors. The section of the Canadian public whose taste is appealed to by this sort of thing is, I believe, much smaller than some of the daily newspaper editors conceive.

A PORTION of the United States press is putting forward the opinion, backed up by quotations from a letter of Sir Robert Giffen to the London "Times," that the Monroe Doctrine has been weakened by President Roosevelt's attitude towards the powers in connection with the Venezuelan blockade. It is pointed out that the original pronouncement of President Monroe was that the United States could not permit a European power to "oppress" a Latin-American republic or "in any way control its destiny." This, it is contended, is a much broader declaration than Mr. Roosevelt's statement that the United States seeks only to prevent "permanent occupation of territory." The outcome of the Venezuela affair establishes that a South American republic may be compelled by its creditors to put its customs in commission, and inasmuch as these republics depend almost solely on customs duties for the support of their civil and military administrations, some Yankee newspapers are arguing that if their customs revenue were wholly or largely confiscated anarchy and chaos would result and ultimately their inhabitants would implore the creditor nation to annex them outright, so that at least a portion of the confiscated revenue might be expended for their benefit. Such a far-fetched line of argument perhaps only goes to show how extremely nervous the average Yankee editor is about anything which may seem to limit the application of that very absurd and intangible piece of clap-trap, the Monroe Doctrine. The truth of the matter is this doctrine has never been defined and never can be, a fact now admitted by the famous United States naval commander, Captain A. T. Mahan, who, in an article in the "National Review" (London), asserts that definition of the Monroe Doctrine is out of the question, and who admits what other nations have often contended, viz. that the Doctrine is a policy and not a part of international law.

"The virtue of the Monroe Doctrine, without which it would die deservedly," writes Captain Mahan, "is that, through its correspondence with the national necessities of the United States, it possesses an inherent principle of life, which adapts itself with the flexibility of a growing plant to the successive conditions it encounters. One of these conditions, of course, is the growing strength of the nation itself. . . . The Monroe Doctrine has not obtained the full legislative sanction even of the country of its origin; and its present development there rests upon successive utterances of persons officially competent to define, but not of full authority to commit the nation to their particular expressions. So, too, international acquiescence in the position now taken has been a work of time, nor can there be asserted for it the final ratification of international agreement. The Monroe Doctrine remains a policy, not a law, either municipal or international; but it has advanced in scope and in acceptance. The one progress as the other has been the result of growing strength; strength of numbers and of resources. In the conjunction of these two factors is to be found the birth of the Monroe Doctrine and its development up to the present time. It is a product of national interest, involved in position, and of national power dependent upon population and resources. These are the permanent factors of the Monroe Doctrine."

This is the frankest statement I can recall from any citizen of the United States as to the Monroe Doctrine. And how beautifully vague the whole thing appears!



Beattie Nesbitt Delivers a Maiden Speech R. R. Gage Sings "Take Back Your Gold, for Gold Will Never Buy Me" Hugh Clark Recites "Bruce and the Spider."



A. G. MacKay Sings "Old Robin Grey" G. W. Ross Feelingly Renders "Walt Till the Clouds Roll By, Jimmy" Joe Downey Personates the Duchess of Wellington and Recites "Casey at the Bat."

CHAPERONE ROSS AND SOME OF THE LEGISLATIVE DEBUTANTES.

journals and individuals from credit or recognition. The methods of the "World," when it goes out on one of its periodical bullying expeditions, are worth studying. For a long time Mr. W. F. Maclean's organ will be quiet, modest and conventional as a Sunday school paper. Then it will stumble upon something that promises sensational copy for its news columns and hot stuff for its editorials. That something is immediately appropriated as the particular property of the "World." The "World's" ink-pots run blood and the "World's" press is lubricated with the marrow of the unrighteous. For a period of days or weeks the agitation is kept going at sixty miles an hour. Scare headings, double-leaded and wide-measure editorials, black-letter catch-lines and all the devices which the "World" of Toronto has so well learned to imitate from its pattern and prototype, the "World" of New York, are used ad libitum. If "the cause" is a good one something may be accomplished in its behalf through sheer sound and fury, compelling attention and comment. But harm is more likely to be done by the violence of the propaganda, more especially as it is certain to be dropped after a brief period in favor of something new and more sensational. The real friends of public rights do not enjoy the spectacle of one paper everlastingly trying to "hog" every popular issue. Of course it is good business for the "World" and Mr. W. F. Maclean to make "the people" believe, if they can, that there is only one straight and honest friend of decent government in the ranks of journalism. Mr. W. F. Maclean's methods, from Mr. W. F. Maclean's point of view, are perfectly legitimate, but such editorials as the "World" published on its front page last Saturday, in which the wildest sort of charges are made against pretty nearly everybody but the editor of that paper himself, are the sort of thing that do harm untold to the cause which they are devised to promote. No responsible advocate of public ownership can follow the "World" into such extreme positions. The "World" is simply at the old trick of kicking to pieces the buggy which it is pretending to draw.

Let us see what the "World" has been saying that is likely to alarm and offend those who might be enlisted as friends of public ownership. To commence with, on Friday last, instead of accepting the disagreement of Magistrates Parker and Davidson on the Markham-Pickering telephone case as an honest disagreement, which it doubtless was, the "World" had to suggest, by subtle implication, that Magistrate Davidson was a traitor to the people. This was done by a clever but inexcusable arrangement of headlines on the first page, thus:

"PARKER FOR THE PEOPLE."
"DAVIDSON FOR THE 'RELL."
"IN THE TELEPHONE TRIAL."

Will anyone say that this is a fair method of warfare in behalf of public rights, or anything in fact but a paltry exhibition of pique? Following this up, there appeared on Saturday the front-page editorial above referred to, set up in the

and even the courts are alike rotten through and through as the "World" implies, is a very serious statement and one which should not be lightly made. To advance unspecified, wholesale, general charges of the kind the "World" indulges in—charges involving every Crown Attorney, every jurymen, every judge, every legislator, every alderman or councillor who has had to adjudicate in his official capacity on the claims or rights of a corporation—seems to me to be a gross abuse of newspaper privilege. Nobody will take any stock in such sweeping assertions, but many will say that if the cause of public ownership is to be judged by such of its advocates as the "World," it must be a pretty weak and flimsy policy to require such methods to boost it along. The fact of the matter, however, is that public ownership is being poorly served by the paper which claims the question as its own. The wild bull of journalism has merely broken his tether and again kicked up a nasty dust in a blind charge across the cattle pasture.

IT is sometimes denied that Canada has sustained any real harm by the persistent advertising of her wintry characteristics in foreign publications. It is contended that Canada does ill to deny the severity of her winter, which is pictured by certain enthusiasts as her chief charm and advantage. The trouble is that the Canadian summer never receives any attention in the quarters where the Canadian winter is always being portrayed in picture, poem and story. The foreign journals which label every cut of a snow-storm "Winter Scene in Canada," unfortunately never present their readers with any "Summer Scenes in Canada," and it is not surprising if the aforesaid readers get the notion in time that it is always winter at this particular jumping-off place. A case in point occurs in the last issue of "Leslie's Weekly," which, as I have once before mentioned, is no longer the frivolous paper it once was, but a candidate for a position as one of the leading illustrated weeklies of the world. In the copy referred to there are two cuts of a skating contest at Montreal, and a highly realistic full-page drawing of a street scene in that city, showing a furious blizzard raging, buildings almost obliterated, sidewalks deserted, a team of horses plunging through drifts with a tottering cab, and in the foreground a couple of firemen, wrapped up to the eyes, endeavoring to thaw out a hydrant with steam from a little boiler on a sleigh. A descriptive article under the caption, "One of Montreal's Winter Scenes," accompanies the drawing and conveys the following, amongst other "information," to the readers of "Leslie's Weekly":

"Comments concerning an 'open winter' sometimes heard in lower latitudes, are particularly infrequent in Canada. In fact, the steadfast severity of the cold season in the Dominion is all that the most fanatical believer in 'healthy weather' could desire. A feature of it, more or less enjoyable, are the copious and blinding snow-storms. There is always snow enough for a long period of sleighing in Canada. Not only in the fields and woods does the fleecy deposit attain and



EASTER week is to be a record for weddings. On each day but Friday, marriages will be celebrated, some of them of much interest in social circles. One has already been dated for Tuesday, that of Miss Violet Langmuir, one of the prettiest girls who has ever graced smart social circles, and Mr. Gwynn Francis, a clever young professional man. On Wednesday, two weddings will, I hear, take place, one of which has already been informally announced, though no mention of it, in deference to the wishes of the parties most concerned, has been definitely made in the papers. The other Wednesday wedding is not quite settled yet, but will probably take place on Easter Wednesday.

Senator Melvin-Jones was laid up for several days by a severe cold, but recovered in time to take the trip to the Capital for the Opening of Parliament. On Tuesday evening a progressive dinner of forty covers was given by Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones at which quite a brilliant company assembled.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro was this week the guest of Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, and went down to the Opening of the Dominion House with them on Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald are traveling in Mexico.

The Attorney-General and Mrs. Gibson gave a large dinner in the Speaker's chambers, Parliament Buildings, last week, for which a number of their friends from Hamilton came down, including Major and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie, Mrs. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Teetzel, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Miss Crerar, Miss Leggett and Miss Ramsay. Others present were: Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. and Mrs. J. R. Stratton, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald, Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Ferrie, Mr. and Mrs. Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. German, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Miss Ross, Mr. R. K. Hope, Mr. George Hope, Mr. Gordon Gibson, Dr. Hardy, Mr. John Moss, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Macdonnell, Dr. Malloch. Among the various "likelihoods" for the occupancy of Government House, the name of the Attorney-General seems to have been most favored in society. Certainly he and his kind and charming wife know how to entertain and are never averse to doing so.

The vice-regal visit to Toronto this spring will give a grace and go to the doings of the post-Lenten season which neither the Horse Show nor the Races could accomplish without the always welcome presence of His Excellency and his dainty Countess.

The appointment of Mr. Thomas Tait to the head of the Government railways in Australia has developed into a very big thing, as his friends have received some adequate impression from Melbourne now resident here of the importance of the position. Everyone knows that in his connection with the C.P.R. Mr. Tait long ago won his spurs, and that good work pays is exemplified by the fact that three magnates on being requested by the Australian Government to name the most capable man for the responsible position of chief director of their railways, all mentioned the name of Mr. Tait. The new magnate goes to the Antipodes on May 1st, and I hear that at present the idea is that Mrs. Tait will spend the summer in Muskoka with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, and go to Melbourne in the fall. I am assured by Australians that October and November are delightful months in which to make acquaintance with the Antipodes. That all good wishes go with the clever Canadian who is raised to high honor in that far land is inevitable. His friends are at once proud of his success and sorry that he is for a term of years obliged to locate so far from them.

Charming Mrs. Kirchhoff is a guest at Earncliffe, Ottawa.

The officers from Stanley Barracks and a number of ladies enjoyed the game of indoor baseball at the Armories on Saturday afternoon. The Queen's Own team defeated Stanley Barracks, 14 to 9. This indoor game has had quite a success this season, and the cosy cup of tea after, when a select little company of maids and matrons and their cavaliers foregather, is a delightful finale.

Dr. Barrington Nevitt left last Saturday for a tour in the South.

On Saturday afternoon, March 7th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 156 Dunn avenue, Parkdale, Miss Harriet Lillie Smallpiece, daughter of Mr. H. E. Smallpiece, was quietly married to Mr. Beverley Greig Marshall of New York, formerly of Toronto. The ceremony was performed in the drawing-room, which was decorated with daffodils and palms, in the presence of relatives and intimate friends, by Rev. A. Logan Giegrie of the Parkdale Presbyterian Church. The bride's wedding gown was of white lace, veiling white taffeta. Lilies of the valley were arranged as a bridal wreath and she carried a shower bouquet of the same sweet flowers. The bridesmaid, Miss Ada Smallpiece, wore white French mull, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, and carried a bouquet of carnations. Mr. Harvey Marshall was best man. At the conclusion of the service the wedding breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Marshall left for New York, where they will in future reside. The bride went away in a traveling suit of blue cloth, a smart set of furs, and a white hat trimmed with clusters of grapes.

Miss Deda Gillespie has returned to Montreal with her guest, Miss Coristine of that city.

A very jolly semi-weekly dance takes place in the new ball-room at the Welland, St. Catharines. Among the bright, pretty women and girls who enjoyed recent informal dances have been some of Toronto's smartest people.

Mrs. Hugh Lumsden and Miss Muriel Whitney returned from the Welland last week, having spent a quiet and restoring visit in that comfortable hotel, where Mrs. Lumsden went after a long and trying illness.

Mrs. Charles Holmes is visiting friends in Montreal. Sir Mackenzie Bowell has been at the Queen's week. Miss Elsie Boulton is visiting Mrs. Casgrain in Ottawa.

The Opening of Parliament was quite a brilliant function on Tuesday, though the Lieutenant-Governor was kept away through illness, for Chief Justice Ross took his Honor's place with much ease and dignity and read the speech very clearly. A new Speaker was elected, Mr. Evanturel, who has filled that office for seven years, retiring. Everyone had nice things to say in farewell to the charming Frenchman, whose urbanity and eloquence so adorned his office. The circle within the happy "shes" having relatives in high positions politically or otherwise distinguished, are seated, was quite a splendid sight. The seat actually occupied by the mistress of Government House was filled by a handsome and gracious woman, Mrs. Charles Moss, who wore a rich and elegant evening gown of black relieved with white. Miss Moss in palest blue came with her mother to the Opening. Mrs. Harcourt, quietly and becomingly gowned; Mrs. Gibson in a rich brocade with some lovely lace and jewels; Mrs. Stratton, a daintily and perfectly gowned and coffee little lady, in a filmy white gown with arabesques of silver paillettes and tiny frills of chiffon, a smart little white and black ornament in her hair and a huge white ostrich boa, was admired and complimented by all her friends. Mrs. Nordheimer in very pale green. Mrs. Warden wore black profusely jetted. Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt and her sister were very handsomely gowned; so was Mrs. Willson in a very lovely evening gown of pastel shades. Mrs. McLaren wore pale grey brocade; Mrs. Britton black lace jetted over violet rose. Mrs. Severy of Roballion wore a black evening gown. A very stunning party of Hamiltonians included Mrs. P. D. Crerar, who looked queenly in a lovely evening toilette of black and silver over white and

a smart white aigrette with diamonds; Mrs. Braithwaite in black lace canvas over white; Miss Anne Hendrie in turquoise silk paillette with gold, and Mrs. Hendrie, jr., in black. With Mrs. Crerar was her lovely daughter, Mrs. Adam Beck, in a white Irish lace dress and soft flower boa, looking the fairest flower of all herself. Mr. Beck is welcome among the members. Mrs. Leonard of Winnipeg was in white and pale green; Mrs. Blewett in a very pretty black net gown with white lace guimpe. Mrs. Huyck Garratt was well gowned and coiffed. Mrs. Ravenshaw looked very handsome in black touched with white, some handsome jewels, and her soft grey hair pompadour. Mrs. T. Eaton was in an elegant grey satin brocade, with white lace guimpe. Mrs. Dickson Patterson wore a very artistic gown. Mrs. Tom Moss and her daughter were both in black gowns, and looked very distinguished. Mrs. James George wore black net with white chiffon, and a handsome white flower and chiffon boa. Mrs. Hartley Dewart wore a smart black gown. There were some very lovely young people in the members' seats whose faces are new to me. Mrs. J. K. Kerr wore a rich black velvet gown, plainly cut to the neck, and very smart. Mrs. Rolland Hills and her young people, Mrs. and Miss Wood, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Claude Fox, Mrs. Kleiser, Mrs. George Macdonald, Mrs. T. B. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Mrs. and the Misses Taylor, Mrs. Harley Smith in a handsome evening gown of black with some fine roses. Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar in black; Mrs. George Warwick, were a few of the ladies present. Chief Justice Ross entered, preceded by Colonel Buchanan, C.B., Captain Elmsley, A.D.C., Commander Law, Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell Macdonald, and other military men. Some very distinguished consuls in their gold braid and buttons were present. By the way, last Opening, one of the consuls found, on his return home, that someone seated behind him had cut off his gorgeous gold buttons, and not only that, but a snip of his coat as well! The Highlanders' regimental band played for the coming and going of Sir Oliver Mowat's representative, and after the ceremonies were over, the "circle" and a few invited guests took tea in the Speaker's chambers. Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Stratton received. The Premier is looking wonderfully well and had a pleasant word for each of his good allies and friends, and just as bright a greeting for the "Opposition" of either sex whom he happened to meet. He came alone from his family circle to the Opening, but his clever young son, Doctor G. William Ross, dropped in at the "after-tee." The Opening of 1903 was distinguished by a decidedly happy tone, everyone seeming to be in the best of spirits. The galleries were crowded, the doors packed with gazers, and the heat soon became trying, one lady, recently an invalid, being obliged to leave the "circle" and seek fresh air outside the Legislative Chamber. The Premier placed his rooms at the disposal of the special guests, who had great fun over the mirror provided to reflect their charms—a wavy glass about a foot square that made even the loveliest belle look like a banshee!

Mr. and Mrs. George Orde of Chicago are visiting Mrs. Orde in Sussex avenue.

Toronto friends are sending congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Meredith, whose marriage took place very quietly the other day in Bermuda. Some little time ago, the bride, then Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas (nee VanKoughnet) and her sister, Mrs. W. MacCulloch of Toronto, went to Bermuda for a holiday. Mr. Meredith, who is a K.C. of Montreal and a son of the late Sir William Meredith of Quebec, followed the fair sisters to Bermuda and married Mrs. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cowan are, I hear, to reside in a house on the corner of Dowling avenue and King street.

Mrs. T. C. Patteson is visiting friends in Ottawa.

Mrs. Henry Thompson has taken a flat at Chateau Grange.

A very pretty young lady was with handsome Mrs. McKid at the Opening. I heard she was Miss Annie McKee of Woodstock.

Mrs. Will Rose gave a very charming matinee Francaise with music and dainty refreshments and French conversation on Wednesday.

Dr. W. L. Harcourt of Brandon is in town for a fortnight, the guest of Hon. Richard and Mrs. Harcourt of St. Vincent street.

Mrs. Carrier was the hostess of a euchre party and dance the other night at her home in upper Church street, given in honor of her nephew, Captain James Farley of the Ninth Staffordshire Regiment, who is in Canada on short furlough and who will join his regiment in England shortly and proceed with it to India.

A very beautiful wedding took place on Saturday evening March 7, at 7 o'clock, at "Orchard House," St. Catharines, the residence of Mr. William Chaplin, when his daughter, Miss Harriette Sophia Chaplin, was married to Mr. Alfred Ramsay Parker, naval secretary to Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, in command of the Naval Reserve Squadron. The marriage ceremony was performed in the drawing-room, which was exquisitely decorated with pink roses and carnations and many palms, a beautiful canopy of Southern smilax and roses decorated with tiny electric lights being erected in front of the mantel, from which was suspended a wedding bell of carnations. As the orchestra played the "Wedding March" from "Lohengrin" the bridesmaids appeared, and separating to either side with white ribbons they formed an aisle for the bride, who, with her father, walked to the arch, preceded by the maid of honor, Rev. George Smith, D.D., of Knox Church, officiated. The lovely bride wore an exquisite Paris creation of white Liberty satin, with court train, a deep flounce of Brussels rose point lace over accordion pleated chiffon, a lace bertha to correspond, a long veil artistically arranged, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaids, who were six young nieces of the bride, the Misses Edna and Alma Chaplin of Montreal, the Misses Rita and Beth Scott, and the Misses Viola and Dorothy Chaplin, wore alternately pink or white silk crepe de chine, the skirts accordion pleated, and garlanded with pink French roses. They carried baskets of pink and white carnations. The maid of honor, Miss Ada Allan of Toronto, looked charming in a beautiful gown of pink crepe de chine and carried a large bouquet of pink roses. The best man was Mr. W. D. Scott, General Superintendent of Immigration, and the ushers were Mr. Arthur Allan of Toronto, Dr. R. Mullen and Mr. Garnet Chaplin. After the ceremony and congratulations the wedding party repaired to the parlor and library below where the dejeuner was served. The bride's table was white and green, carried out with roses and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Scott, the bride's sister, was in black lace trimmed with pleated chiffon and applique. Miss Charlotte A. Chaplin wore an exquisite gown of white silk crepe de chine, the skirt sun-pleated and trimmed with antique lace; Mrs. J. D. Chaplin an embroidered white chiffon over white taffeta. The happy couple departed amid much rice, good wishes and flowers. The bride wore a stylish gown of heliotrope and black cloth, toque of panne with violets, and a bird of Paradise. They sail for England on the 14th, and will reside at 35 Holland road, Kensington, London. Some very beautiful presents were given to the bride, who is a general favorite. A few were a cabinet of sterling silver of seventeen dozen pieces, a pearl necklace, gold jeweled purse, silver chocolate set, silver thimble and side dishes, one dozen (Watteau) Dresden china plates and some very substantial cheques. Some of the invited guests were: Admiral Sir Gerrard and Lady Noel, Miss Noel, Captain Carden, R.N., Admiral C. J. Norcock, Captain and Mrs. Henderson, Captain and Mrs. Wilcox, Lady Goldsborough, Lieutenant Escombe, R.N., Lieutenant Maurice Clay, R.N., Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Parker, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Parker, Captain Fischer, R.N., Captain G. F. King-Hall, R.N., Captain and Mrs. Mackay Heriot, Mr. W. A. Daffin, R.N., Commander Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Reginald Ward of England, Dr. S. H. McCoy of England, Baron and Baroness Salvador of Paris, France, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Allan, Dr. and Mrs. Alton H. Garratt, the Misses Brodie, Miss Lily Lee, Dr. D. McGilivray, Mr. Charles Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Woodbridge, Dr. T. Archibald, Mr. Walter Gow, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Young of Hamilton, with her two charming daughters, Miss Douglas and Miss Elsie and Miss Reitta Moore, all in lovely Paris gowns; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ryrie, Mr. and Mrs. Albrow, Mr. and Mrs. Payzant, Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Drake, Miss Walker, Miss Geills McCrae, Miss Sheppard, Miss Edith Scott of Galt, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lawrie, Mr. and Mrs. Arch Hodge, Miss McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Albany Moore, Miss Nora McSloy, Dr. W. Radcliffe, the Misses Dongan, Miss Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Marquis, Mr. Macgregor, Mrs. Sweetnam, Miss Florence McArthur.

Little Tommy, when told he was growing too fast, said: "Yes, I think they water me too much. Why, I have to take a bath every morning."

A Night in Little Hungary.

New York's Famous Slum Restaurant—Its Melancholy Music, Bad Wine, and Worse Food—Curious Jumble of Habitués—Copsias Kissing in Public.

NEW YORKERS have a mania for dining out, and to satisfy this mania New York has become a city of restaurants. But even so, the restaurants are soon known by heart. Everybody has been everywhere; the Chinese on upper Broadway is as a tale that is told, "Maria's" is as familiar as the change of the seasons, there is no longer the charm of novelty in the Cafe Boulevard's cask-lined cellars, and the old Martin is just like anywhere else.

It was at this stage that some one discovered Little Hungary. Novelty was not Little Hungary's only charm, though it had a good deal of that. In the days of its modest youth it was honestly and legitimately musical. Long before the sensation hunters found it, it was a cheap Hungarian restaurant below stairs on East Houston street. All about it are the swarming streets of the unredeemed, wig-wearing, dyed-in-the-wool Russian and Hungarian Jews. There are signs in Hebrew down there, and Hebrew is talked on every side. In warm weather the population lives entirely in the streets, and sleeps on the roofs and fire escapes, and the push-cart market on Saturday night is one of the sights of the city.

Here, in this cellar, where they found the wines of their native land to inspire them, various Hungarian musicians used to meet, after they had done their stunts in the different orchestras throughout town and their play for one another. It is said that at that stage of its life the music heard in Little Hungary was of its kind hard to beat. An errant artist or two, newspaper men searching for odd material, a few musicians who had received the tip from friends, used to wander down to Little Hungary, and when other restaurants were being cleared and the waiters were yawningly gathering up the cloths, the cellar on East Houston street echoed to wild Tzigan harmonies and the applause of men. A few months after this people were going down to Little Hungary in dress-suits and opera-cloaks.

Then Little Hungary grew and waxed great. The cellar was decorated with paintings which were so bad they added a touch of local color. A table d'hôte dinner was served with three kinds of wine. And finally an orchestra was hired, which played every night after dinner for money. It was not the same thing as the gathering of odd musicians in the days when Little Hungary was a second-rate Houston street cafe, but it was good music, and they played fine things down there, and do still, if you go up to the leader and ask him.

The restaurant and general surroundings of the place are quite pretentious and the business evidently thriving. Half an hour after we were seated at our table the other evening, the room was full. The company was of a mixed and heterogeneous order. One-half of it was of the most bald and undisguisable respectability—strangers like ourselves come to Little Hungary to see "one of the sights of New York," blase ladies and gentlemen, not in their best clothes, who had drifted down from the purlieus of Fifth avenue to see if a cellar in East Houston street would offer them better entertainment than Sherry's or Delmonico's, family parties of decent Jews, which sometimes included the grandparents and the last boy.

The other half seemed largely composed of parties of men and women who looked as if they might have been a poorer class of shopmen and their best girls out on a lark. They, too, had an air of almost severe respectability—but, I am fair to confess that after the three wines, which went with the table d'hôte dinner, had sprinkled that somewhat meagre repast, their manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. Nobody, however, seemed to object to the artless and primitive way they had of amusing themselves. After seeing a man kiss the girl next to him with open and unashamed delight, I expected to see the company look properly shocked. But they did not seem to mind it at all.

The dinner was bad. Some one said the wine was too. There was a great deal of it, and possibly the joy of pouring it out made people drink more than they intended. It came in a queer sort of decanter thing that fitted in a rack, and from the bottom of which a long glass tube projected. To pour it out you took the decanter, inserted the end of the glass tube into your glass, and then pressed with it on the bottom of the glass, and in some mysterious way, the wine came out. It fascinated everybody, and before the end of dinner it was obvious that that half of the company which did not bear the stamp of an unblemished respectability upon its brow had pressed the glass tube into the flowing bowl not wisely but too well.

The man who had kissed the girl seemed to find the performance so agreeable that he repeated it several times, till the recipient of the kisses had evidently grown to expect them. She was an ugly, thin, link-looking female, in a white shirt waist and a huge black hat. She had a large mouth and square, white teeth, that she showed in glistening rows when she smiled. The first kisses had been administered under the shelter of the hat, which was a spreading umbrageous affair. The man had put his head under the shade of its nodding plumes and then withdrawn it, looking proud of his prowess, while the girl had tried to maintain a modestly embarrassed air, and only succeeded in looking immensely pleased. Toward the end of the dinner they did not bother any more about the hat, but sat with their arms twined around one another, and, I blush to state, the lady did as much of the kissing as the man.

At this stage, the restaurant having become insufferably hot, we repaired to the upstairs room on a level with, and opening off, the street. Here are the musicians who have made Little Hungary famous, and here is another setting forth of round tables. This is the evening entertainment. The diners come up from below, and new people come in from all over town to listen to the music. The men smoke and once again the company is expected, each and all, to drink. You sit at your table and you order a glass of something or a cup of black coffee. Then the orchestra plays, and sometimes, when a shaggy-haired, shabby individual steps from his table to murmur in the leader's ear, you hear music that makes you feel it was worth while coming to Little Hungary, even if the people do make love under your nose and the dinner is a thing to leave a nightmare memory.

The people that had dropped in were of all sorts—many of them were men. Two near us, dressed in dingy tweeds, with flannel shirts and soft caps in their hands, talked Hungarian music with the insight of connoisseurs. On the other side were a couple of lads, who began to discuss the steel trust, and became so excited their voices rose above the violins. Some more Jewish families appeared, and there was a great deal of handshaking and loud greetings from their end of the room. The babies fell asleep in the arms of fat, smiling mothers. The victims of the continued potations were occasional, but complete. And no one paid any attention to them when they fell like the beautiful snow.

As the evening advanced, the smoke grew thicker, the drinks more numerous, and the wild music seemed to become at once madder and more melancholy. Toward ten o'clock the more respectable portion of the company began to leave. The effects of a potion peculiar to Little Hungary, and called a "Fourth of July," were beginning to be seen on all sides. The guests from Fifth avenue gathered up their wraps, the Jew mothers bunched their sleeping babies on their shoulders, and the Jew fathers struggled into their overcoats. The evening at Little Hungary was, for them at least, over. Out in the street squads of little boys were waiting for us. They followed the more likely looking groups from block to block, demanding pennies and shouting out to one another the results of their hold-ups.—Geraldine Bonner in "Argonaut."

What the Churches Might Do.

Next week a summary will be given in these columns of the Rev. J. T. Sunderland's recent address on "What the Churches of Toronto have in common and might do together for the higher life of the city."

Easily Calculated.

An Irishman was filling barrels with water from a small river to supply a village which was not provided with water-works. As he halted to give his horses a rest a gentleman rode up and asked:

"How long have you been hauling water, my good man?"
"Ten years or more, sor."
"Ah! And how many loads do you make a day?"
"From tin to fifteen, accordin' to the weather, sor."
"Well, Pat," said the gentleman, laughing, "how much water have you hauled altogether?"

The Irishman jerked his thumb in the direction of the river, at the same time giving his horse the hint to start, and replied:

"All the water that yez don't see there now, sor."—
"Chums."



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Social and Personal.

THE opening of the annual exhibition of the pictures accepted by the hanging committee of the O.S.A. is an early spring event which is always looked forward to with much interest by a good many persons. This year an awfully wet and dismal Saturday evening kept a lot of smart people at home on the occasion of the "private view," which is the smart gathering of the artists and their invited friends, theoretically to take a quick survey of the exhibition, but practically to push through dense crowds, to confront here a dame en grande toilette, there a business-like looking person in an out-of-date hat and raincoat, here a man correctly garbed, and beside him a careless looking male in a gray Oxford jacket and tan boots. I had missed tan boots for so long a time that they came upon me with more or less of a shock. It is a pity that all the invited guests on private view evening don't think it worth while to dress smartly and make the "mise en scene" of more congruity. The rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists night present a lovely appearance on that night if those who admire the paintings would honor the occasion by invariably dressing well. Mr. and Mrs. Reid received. I believe Mr. Gagen was indisposed. Mrs. Reid wore a black satin evening gown, with point lace bertha. A large orchestra played in the entrance hall, across one side of which was stretched Mr. Challenger's beautiful decorative piece, which should soon have followed the rest of the series to Montreal as the finishing touch to the palace steamer which was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. The exhibition is, on the average, decidedly a success. "The" picture seems to be Miss Laura Muntz's "Night" giving a last strengthening embrace to the young "day," while the first white streak of dawn parts the dark heavens and the shadowed earth on the horizon. There are two capital portraits by Mr. Forster of Rev. Dr. Milligan and Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie King, now of Ottawa, son of Mr. John King, K.C., of Toronto. But the ladies are to the fore this year in an emphatic manner. Miss Muntz has done us a good turn at this season by reminding us that "April comes," with a very airy, graceful, slim young girl-child, half dancing, half floating through a meadow of springing green. She is a sweet maid, and in her happy, care-free face is the very essence of spring. Miss Florence Carlyle has a lot of good things—the bright Woodstock artist is always doing fine work. Mrs. Dickson Patterson has her two pictures of the Yare and Norwich City side by side. Mrs. Patterson and Miss Carlyle have discovered that they were fellow-students abroad, and one may hear of pranks and fun they enjoyed together bring them into comradeship in far Canada so soon. By the way, a curious little happening was that of the exclamation of Very Rev. Dean Innes of London (who had dropped in to see his son's clever pictures of the "Blizzard" and the "Round-Up"). When being shown Mrs. Patterson's pictures by the artist he said: "Why, just there was where I learned to swim—off that wall, with a man holding a rope fastened about me!" For it was at Norwich that the handsome of the Huron clergy passed his young days. Miss Hagarty has a handsome group of pictures in the first room, portraits and others. Miss Evelyn Ridout of St. Alban's street has two exceedingly good horse pictures, a Suffolk "Punch" and a head of a bay horse, which are capital. Chavignaud pictures of a bridge and a quay in foreign parts are greatly admired, and Manly has some daintily bright landscapes. Two unusual pictures are the "Shining Way" and "The Winds Blow Inland from Eternity," by Margaret Houghton. I heard someone admiring the former, and it was someone who knows, too. By the way, Miss Carlyle's picture of a laughing girl was receiving favorable notice from some of the men of the National Club, which institution each year purchases a picture from the exhibition. Rev. Sutherland Macklem has one of his many pictures of Niagara on exhibition, a bit near the bridge to Goat Island, where two islets dot the rush of the American rapids above the American Fall. I have not my catalogue at hand, but have mentioned some of the pictures I noticed between the hats and the heads and the bodies of the crowd on private view night. Many persons delighted in the clever picture by Miss Muntz of the toilet—a wee person just from a bath, and nurse or mother putting on said wee person a tiny stocking.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Munro are spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Phillips in Beverly street. Mrs. Phillips is a niece of Mrs. Munro, who, with her husband, formerly resided in Toronto.

Mr. Ben Greet, who is manager of the "Everyman" Company, was a late guest at the private view on Saturday night, but took an intelligent and discriminating glance at the exhibition. I saw him going the tour of the pictures with Miss Tully, and, in common with everyone else, he admired greatly Miss Sydney Tully's charming picture of Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, a pastel of very great merit. Mr. Greet says the "Everyman" play will be given in Massey Hall in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod and Miss Frances McLeod of 130 St. George street went south early this week. I hear that, instead of moving, the family will remain at the above address, and Mr. McLeod

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has taken a further lease of the house. Miss McLeod is also out of town.

Lady Mulock and Mrs. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick went down to Ottawa on Monday morning. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is, I hear, to take charge of the ménage in Ottawa during the session, which will be a great comfort to her mother. Mrs. J. Mackenzie Alexander went down on Wednesday morning to stay with Lady Mulock for a short visit.

Mrs. Alfred Denison went to Ottawa on Wednesday on a visit to friends.

Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones and Miss Melvin-Jones were to go down to Ottawa on Wednesday night to attend the Opening and Drawing-room.

I was in error in stating that the Provost of Trinity attended the performance of "Everyman" at the Princess Theater on Wednesday of last week, as owing to that being one of the days of Lent the Provost would not have attended. It was not hearsay, but my own observation which deceived me on this occasion, and I hasten to correct my mistake.

A brilliant and fashionable wedding took place on Feb. 26 at "Maple Shade," the home of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Strevel, Donald street, Winnipeg, in the presence of a large number of invited guests. The bride was Miss Maggie May, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Strevel, and the groom Mr. Samuel Charles Dunn, cashier for Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, formerly of their Toronto staff. At the appointed hour the groom took his place, with Mr. Hugo Ross, his best man, and to the familiar strains of the Bridal March the bride appeared on the broad staircase leaning on the arm of her father and attended by her bridesmaid, Miss Helen Cain. The ceremony was performed in the drawing-room by Rev. Frederick B. DuVal, D.D., pastor of Knox Church. During the service the orchestra played De Koven's "O Promise Me." The bridal party stood under an arch of smilax and roses in the west bow window, relieved by a background of palms and surrounded by the sweetest flowers. The young bride, who is one of Winnipeg's brightest belles and a graduate of Manitoba University, looked charming in a rich gown of white duchess satin, with crepe de chine, Brussels point bertha, trimmed with branches of pearl grapes, satin leaves outlined, veined with pearls. She wore the customary veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bridal bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid was gown in cherry pink tulle, with white tucked yoke and sleeves, cream medallions with touches of black applique. She carried a beautiful bouquet of American Beauty roses. After the ceremony and congratulations offered and received the guests retired to the adjoining room, where a wedding breakfast was served. The table was prettily decorated. Ropes of smilax, suspended from the electroliers, were caught at the four corners with pink satin bows. The centerpiece of white tulle, puffed over white panne satin, was held in place by a large cut glass dish filled with pink roses and maidenhair fern, rose petals being strewn over the table. The usual toasts were honored. Rev. Dr. DuVal proposing the health of the bride and Sheriff McLean, of Portage la Prairie, that of the bridesmaid. Mr. Dunn and Mr. Ross responded in happy speeches. At 1 o'clock carriages were taken to the Canadian Northern depot, and amid showers of rice and good wishes the departure south was taken. As the train departed torpedoes were set off and the usual lucky old shoe and champagne bottle attached to the bridal car. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond and pearl crescent, to the bridesmaid a pearl pendant, and to the bridesman a gold pin. Among the numerous and handsome presents received by the bride was a piano, the gift of her father, and a cabinet of silver from five gentlemen prominently identified with the Canadian Northern.

The Bachelors and Benedicts of Port Elgin were the hosts of a brilliant assembly held in their Town Hall recently. Supper was served in the large library, which was beautifully decorated with spring flowers. Many strangers accepted the hospitality of the Port Elgin gentlemen. Among those from a distance were: From Paisley, the Misses Gibson, in pretty white frocks; Miss Hopper, in a white satin gown; Miss Elliott, whose graceful dancing and beautiful face and gowns have been so much admired since her coming to live in our north country, and who wore on this occasion a beautiful medallion silk; Miss Edith Hopner wore a French organdie. Walkerton was represented by Miss Stoval and Miss Flood, the former wearing a beautiful white crepe, while the latter wore black. From Southampton came Miss Belyea and Miss Bertie Belyea, wearing silk costumes of the lighter shades, which suited their soft, bright complexions, and Mrs. Kent, in a handsome yellow gown. Some of the Port Elgin people present were: Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. Marrs, Mrs. McGillivray, Misses McIntosh, McLean, Mitchell, Robison, Eby, and McKinnon.

Among those registered at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Mrs. Dainty, the Misses Dainty, Cobourg; Mrs. Bingham, Dr. and Mrs. Douglas G. Storms, Hamilton; Mrs. T. Roden, Mrs. W. F. Elliott, Mrs. W. Cecil Trotter, Miss Kathleen Trotter, Miss Florence Sadd, Miss Madge McKendry, Mrs. Will D. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John Sloan, Miss L. M. Sloan, President London, Mrs. London, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Burke, Miss K. Burke, Miss A. Howarth, Miss Howarth, Mrs. M. I. Leadley, Miss Alberta Ogden, Mrs. G. R. Byford, Miss Frances Byford, Mrs. Bailey, all of Toronto; Mrs. James Kendry, Miss Kendry, Mr. John J. Lundy, of Peterboro; Mrs. Hewson, of Toronto; Miss Pauline S. Davis, of Buffalo.

A talented and fashionable gathering graced the Canoe Club parlors at the annual musicale. The programme commenced with a bass solo. Clough Leighton's "Ave Vinum" by Mr. Otto Grabell, which was rendered admirably. Miss Lipscomb sang Kuker's "Good Night—Farewell" with beautiful expression, and responded to an encore with Bartlett's "A Dream." The vocal numbers were interspersed with selections by the Toronto College of Music Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, under the direction of Mr. Snedley. Their numbers included "Traviata" and "Blaze Away." March. Miss Shields sang Blumenthal's "Venetian Boat Song," and truly delighted the audience. On being recalled

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she sang "Who's at My Window," by Osborne. Mr. Adam Dockray sang "By the Fountain" and "Only a Soldier Boy" with splendid force and expression, the latter being particularly well given. Alard's "L'Argonessa" and Saint Saens' "Le Cygne" were given by Mr. F. C. Smith, violinist, with admirable execution, and Mr. Smith also played a violin obligato for Mr. J. Young's song, "Star of the Desert." Mr. Smith and Mr. Young (both members of the Canoe Club), though young in years and profession, have already given much promise in the musical world. Mr. Fred Plant was an able and efficient accompanist. He is also a member of the club. Among those present at the delightful affair were: Commodore King, Vice-Commodore Muirhead, Mrs. W. Begg, Mrs. B. Begg, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherton, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Begg, Mr. and Mrs. Blackhall, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Syms and Miss Flo Syms, Mrs. Cooper and Miss Cooper, Miss Robinson, Miss Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Osler Wade and the Misses Miller, the Misses Wyndow and Mr. W. T. Wyndow, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Miss Tilt, Dr. C. Trow, Messrs. T. D. Bailey, G. B. Kelsey, F. Harrison, W. A. McNabb, H. E. Brasier, S. A. Sylvester, V. Hutchison, W. Somerville, J. A. Cooper, Alex. Robertson, W. Windeler.

A correspondent writes: "The gentlemen of Parkdale, under committee of Mr. Fred. Smith, Mr. Harry Andrews, Mr. Bert Andrews, Mr. Arthur Ecclestone and Mr. Hugh McNeil, gave a most enjoyable dance and euchre party at Mrs. Meyer's handsome parlors, Sunnyside, on a recent evening. After the game, the prize winners being Miss Grace Fairfield and Mr. Bert Andrews, the guests proceeded to the ball room for dancing, after which supper was served in the perfection of which Mrs. Meyer is capable. The dancing was continued until shortly after two. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, who chaperoned the party, the Misses Aylesworth, Johnson, Ramsden, Noice, Fairfield, Blackburn, Calder, Kane, Wilson, Olmstead, Charlton, M. Charlton, Kemp, Cook, Parker, Bennett, Snow, Jones, Levaek, McLean, E. Bennett, Messrs. Robert Aylesworth, George Isaacs, Jack Whiting, Norman Craig, Ross Ritchie, Wm. Adams, Len. Calder, Percy Sprague, Arthur Bell, W. Gouinlock, Crawford Wilson, Fred Davidson, Stanley Clesmes, George Pike, Frank Addison, Hamilton Balfour, Arthur Rankin, David Leask and Ross Craig.

Mr. Frank S. Welsman will occupy his studio down town this week. He has artistically fitted up a couple of elegant rooms at the warerooms of Messrs. Mason & Risch, in King street west, where he will be pleased to receive his pupils and friends.

Mrs. Stewart Gordon has been a victim of gripe for the past week. Mr. and Mrs. Hayter Reed came up from Florida at the week's end, and Mrs. Reed remained over for a time on account of her sister's illness.

A great number of friends called to say adieu to Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman of Tannenheim and her daughters on Monday, as they are leaving shortly for an extended tour. Mrs. R. S. Williams of Oak Lawn and her daughter, Mrs. Moore, received many good wishes and farewells on the same afternoon, as they are also leaving shortly on a long and delightful trip, in company with Mr. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Fitzgerald of Queen street west have been guests at the Russell in Ottawa during the past week.

Mrs. A. J. Small of 51 Glen road will hold her post-nuptial reception on Monday next from 4 to 6.30 p.m.

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great interest. The local Electric Lighting Company have opened up extensive showrooms at their new office building, No. 12 Adelaide street east, where they display the latest and most artistic things obtainable in electric light fixtures and brackets. In connection with this they are exhibiting a number of fine oil paintings lighted by this new reflector method. It is really well worth while to call and see this display, as it is impossible to form an idea of the great beauty that is added to a painting by having it lighted by this method without seeing it demonstrated.



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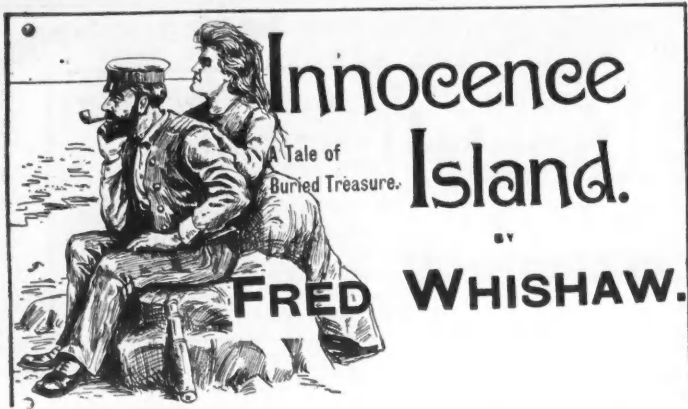
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CHAPTER XXI.

The Capture of the "Penelope."

Keith Adams was up betimes next morning in spite of the hard day's work and half a night of sentry-go. Nothing had happened during the hours of darkness and no attack been made upon the camp.

"We hit 'em pretty hard yesterday," said the bosun. "They grow shy!" The sentries reported a quiet time during the second half of the night, though one man thought he had heard two shots out at sea, as if someone on board the "Penelope" had thought he saw an enemy and fired on the chance.

"That is likely enough," said Keith. "They'd be keeping a careful watch, be sure, and would fire on the slightest suspicion."

During the morning Drake came and begged permission for an interview with Jessie Foster. Denys looked better, his arm—which had not been broken, though the shoulder muscles were injured—was better.

"What d'you want to see the maid for?" asked Keith. "This ain't the time nor the place for philandering."

Denys flushed. "Why shouldn't I see her?" he said angrily. "What harm can I do?"

"If only you'd be a sensible chap—as you could if you liked—for you might stop all this fighting and useless killing by telling the girl what we're bound to know in the end—where this gold stuff is, why, you'd be doing both yourself and every man in the island a good service. What's more, if you was to show your sense in the way I say, you'd be welcome to talk to Jess all day."

"Praps I may tell her and praps I mayn't," said Drake sulkily. "If I do, it won't be for love of you."

"I hope it would be for love of her; what do I matter? I don't want to quarrel with you, man. What's the use of sulking? Shake hands if you care to."

"When I've squared you for this," said Drake sulkily, touching his wounded shoulder, "we can talk about shaking hands."

"Well, I don't want to be hard on you. You can see the maid," said Keith. "I'll send her out to you."

"Jess'll get it out of him yet," thought Adams. "He's waverin' now. All we've to do is to leave them a bit together. She'll wheedle it out of him presently. I needn't say another word." Keith felt buoyant and happy; things began to look more rosy.

"Go out and see your man, Jess. He's waiting for you," he told her. "And see here, my dear, don't you forget you can do us all a good turn by persuading him to come over side. There's something only he can tell us, and it's only you can wheedle it out of him."

"I don't know that he'll tell me," said Jess. "Maybe he'd feel bad about givin' away his own side."

"Tell him it's best for him and his side and all the island, both crews. Don't you see it for yourself that it's as I say? Why, it'll stop the killing and fighting and make us all rich men—ah! and get him home, too, for the wedding! What's been put off too long!"

Jessie sighed. "Oh, I'll say all I know," she said. "It ain't that, it's how he'll take it." Jessie found Denys sulky and difficult to talk with.

"What's up, Denys?" she said at last. "What have I done then? You're cross."

"I'll tell you what you've done," he replied sulkily. "You're in a conspiracy, you and Adams. I'm here to be persuaded and wheedled and bullied into being a traitor; that's what's up. D'you think I've no eyes? You may tell that fool he may go somewhere before he finds out what he's come for. Ah! and so he will, he and his whole blamed set."

"I didn't ask you to tell me anything. You're unkind, Denys," said poor Jess. "It ain't my fault if they want to know things. Maybe I do think it'd be better for all of us, you and me and all, if you was to stop the fighting and tell where the stuff is, so's we can all have our share and go home; but—"

"What did I say? There, you are beginning! Now I tell you square, Jess, if you want me to believe you're my girl and love me, like before—"

"I do love you, of course I do," began Jess.

"Let me speak, I say, if you want me to believe you'll not say another word about this business. Would you like me to be a traitor to your dad and all the rest, or a true man?"

"I don't want you to be a traitor," said poor Jess, her lips quivering. "I want to stop this horrible killing and quarrelling."

"We'll stop that presently another way. Don't you say no more about it or I'll get angry. Now, see here, it's me or it's Adams, one of the two. You've got to take your choice. If it's me, you'll do as I say."

"It's you, of course," said Jess, now sobbing in earnest.

"Very well, prove it, then. I'm off to the village, soon as it's a bit dusk. If you're my girl and not Adams's, you're coming too."

"Oh, Denys, I can't. How can I? You don't want to be a traitor, and no more don't I. I would be a traitor if I did that!"

"Not a bit of it. It's your father's wish, and you owe him your first duty; and it's my wish, too, though it seems that don't weigh much with you."

"I wish I'd never come!" sobbed Jess. "I was a fool to think you'd like it and care for me same as before."

"I do like it, and of course I care for you. You know that well enough. As for being a traitor, the traitoring is in staying here, not in coming away. Ain't your dad anything, and ain't I? Very well, then. You show how you consider his wishes and mine, and you'll soon see I care for you same as ever."

"I'll think it over by the time it's

dusk. I do wish you could kiss me, Denys. I feel we're parting in anger."

"There's no need. I can't kiss you here in the open with all these chaps loafing round. I shall be down by that big palm by nine to-night unless I'm shot while escapin'." It'll be different then, and we'll take our time walkin' to the village."

Poor Jess returned to her tent with red eyes. Keith passed her and looked enquiringly at the girl. He had waited for the end of her interview with impatience and some agitation. Much depended upon her success with Drake. He saw her red eyes and his heart sank.

"Any luck?" he asked her softly, without stopping.

Jessie shook her head, but said nothing.

"Rome wasn't built in a day," Keith reflected. "She'll have him after a bit; maids know how to manage these things."

Keith was busy with arrangements in case of further attacks, when a shout from the bosun down at his little entrenchment caused him to turn and look round. The bosun pointed out to sea.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Keith, rushing down towards the blockhouse.

"They can't be going to attack her in daylight—they won't be such fools. Why, Foster'll blow them out of the water in a minute!"

The "Heeuba's" large boat had shot out from behind the reef that hid the landing-stage by the village and now boldly approached the "Penelope."

"Knock me giddy!" exclaimed the bosun. "If that ain't suicide I don't know what is! Makes one almost sorry for the poor devils that have got to be blown up in a minute. They can't have forgot the big gun!"

"Why don't Foster remind 'em? They'll be getting too close for him before he's ready. Perhaps that's what they're relyin' on," said one of the bosun's men.

Keith Adams ran up panting.

"Tom'll have to look sharp if he means to use his brass gun," he said. "Maybe he's going to depend on a rifle volley at close range."

Breathless with excitement, all hands watched the boatful of men approach the ship. Nearer and nearer they came. There were two or three men on the deck of the "Penelope," but it was impossible to see what they were about.

"They're going to shoot from the port-holes," said the bosun. "They've only four men and a boy, and can't afford to lose any."

Sick with anxiety and incomprehension Keith and the rest watched the boat approach the "Penelope." Now it was but a few yards away and a shot had been fired. What did it all mean? Now the smaller vessel had reached and made fast to the larger. The crew were climbing up on board. They were on deck. Had they arrived unobserved and captured the ship absolutely without resistance? It seemed like it.

"Bosun," Keith groaned, "what in thunder does it mean?"

The bosun sighed and shook his head. "It looks pretty bad, sir, and that's the 'old truth,' he said. 'They've got her; but whether Mr. Foster is sick, or some of his chaps has played false and given the ship away, or whether their prisoner chaps got loose and somehow communicated with the 'Heeuba' folks, after making it all safe on board, 'even alone knows, not me!'"

"After making it all safe on board?" repeated Keith, slowly. "If that means anything, bosun, it means murderin' Foster and the rest."

"That's the very meanin' I wished to convey," said the bosun grimly. "I don't see as 'ow they was to get on board without a shot fired unless Mr. Foster was dead or dyin'—sick, let alone his three men and a boy. That there boy's generally pretty wide awake too."

Keith ran down to his own landing creek. His two ruined boats lay visible in deep water. He groaned aloud as he gazed at them. Oh! if only they could be mended fit to use! The bosun followed more slowly.

"There was those two shots the sentry heard about two in the morning," Keith said suddenly. "That's what it was, bosun, depend upon it. They made an attack in the dark. The poor chaps aboard only got a shot or two in and were overpowered. Two men valiant and two asleep—it wasn't fair on them. I wish to heaven we had left poor Foster a few more men."

"Another couple or so of chaps might have helped and might not. It might only have meant another two good men murdered in the dark. It's a bad business, Mr. Adams, and there's no manner of doubt about it. What's to be done now?"

Attack the village—how'd that be? They'd come warnin' back in their boat and we might put in such a volley as would kill more of 'em at one go. Then we might re-take the boat and retake the "Penelope," too."

"It's a dangerous game to go for the village where the chaps can sit in the huts and shoot us down without bein' seen themselves. If anyone could swim out, now, soon as it's dark, and cut the line what's holdin' the boat to the ship's side—"

"Stop—let me think, bosun. Swim out when it's dark, cut the line, and return to shore in the boat. Why, then, they'd be prisoners on board and unable to get back, wouldn't they? Upon my word, it's a good thought, dash me if it ain't!"

"It'd be a dangerous game, sir. The 'Penelope's' a good half-mile away. I ain't no swimmer myself—can't swim two yards, not without one foot on the bottom."

"I could swim it," said Keith, reflectively, "if I wasn't afraid of the sharks. Not that I've seen any about here that I can remember."

"I'd rather someone else did it, sir,"

said the bosun. "I would indeed, though I ain't sharks I'm thinkin' of. We couldn't spare you if anything was to happen."

"Oh, I should take good care of myself if anything was to happen," Keith did not explain what he meant. As a matter of fact, he scarcely knew what he said, having retired within himself in order to think.

CHAPTER XXII.

Tommy Kills a Man.

On board the "Penelope" many things had happened since, some twelve hours ago, Tom Foster had contrived to extract an important piece of information from Evans. It was in the small hours of the morning and while darkness still hung like a black pall over the sea that a cutter, filled with armed men, crept out of the landing creek by Innocence village and glided noiselessly towards the "Penelope."

The good ship had shifted her position in order that any attacking party, if such there should be, might be unable to find her without much difficulty.

But though the cutter, by reason of this manoeuvre, was obliged to cruise backwards and forwards for some little while in search of her victim, the big ship was presently found as she lay looming black in the pale starlight.

The two men of the watch had utterly failed in their duties. One was fast asleep with his back planted tightly against the foremast, while the other, having walked up and down the deck until he was tired, sat down and presently dozed. Occasionally he would start up, listen intently for a moment or two, satisfy himself that all was well, and settle himself to doze again. Once, as he aroused himself to listen, he fancied that he heard a low plash of oars; but though he listened with all his might he was unable to detect the sound again.

Almost immediately afterwards, his fears having been too easily lulled to rest, a man suddenly and softly climbed over the ship's side. He saw the nodding sentry and quickly knocked his brains out with a clubbed rifle. A second and a third man followed the first, then others, scouring the deck.

The noise awoke the second sentry, who quickly leaped to his feet, dazed with sleep, and fired wildly among the crowd. Someone shot him, and he fell.

Then several men charged, shouting, towards the hatchway leading to the captain's cabin. Up the stairs to meet them rushed Tom Foster, awakened by the firing on deck.

Someone tapped him on the head before he could put in a blow, and Tom fell unconscious. He was secured and bound. The islanders searched every cabin and corner for further victims. They found one other, who, luckily for him, was fast asleep and snoring heavily. Him they secured without injury.

This man woke presently to find himself a prisoner to he knew not what mys- terious enemies, and his arms and ankles tightly bound.

One individual escaped the notice of the invaders, and, thanks to their ignorance of his existence, escaped successfully.

Tommy the cabin boy was a light sleeper. He slept at this time especially lightly, as men do when they are conscious of responsibility resting upon them. At the sound of the two shots on deck he had started up in his berth, and, realizing in an instant that an attack was in progress, disappeared quickly into the steward's little pantry and thence through the trap-door into the ship's store-chamber, which was a section of the hold. Tommy carried his bedclothes with him in order to leave behind no signs of the cabin having been recently occupied. The blanket would, he knew, be useful to him should he remain a prisoner for long. He closed the trap-door behind him. Tommy had rehearsed this retreat more than once, and knew exactly what he was doing. Creeping cautiously through the pitch darkness in which he hid himself, he safely reached the spot which he had fixed upon for his hiding-place—a dark corner between cases and sacks—and into this he dropped, bedclothes and all, pulling over him, roofwise, a huge empty case, which rested upon those forming the walls of his cell and completely concealed him from any who might casually pass among the stores, leaving but a narrow aperture for air. Tommy had everything prepared for a prolonged stay. He had made his preparations in the evening before retiring to his berth, in obedience to Foster's advice.

The wisdom of the advice had been quickly justified. For Tommy lay long and listened, half dead with fear, in case he should have been heard making his escape. But no one came. He was safe.

"But," thought Tommy, "they'll release Evans, and one of the first things he'll do, being avengeful devil, will be to look for me, and cut me up into ribbons, as he swore he'd do."

When Tommy remembered this he took out and gazed, half-timidly, at the revolver Foster had given him. Then he put it into his breast-pocket, where he could reach and draw it in a moment.

"If he does come, he shan't have first say," thought Tommy. "This shall!"

But Evans did not seem to be coming. Tommy breathed again.

Up above, the "Heeuba" men, swarming into the cabins aft, scoured the place for further victims. In the berth which had been Keith Adams's they found the note written by Foster overnight, and addressed to Keith by him. This they took with them, the man who found it handing it to Finlay, one of the "Heeuba's" mates, who commanded the attacking party. Others soon discovered the prisoners and freed them. This was a matter for unmixed rejoicing as far as Inglis was concerned; but Evans, though wild with surprise and delight at the first moment, to find that he had been deceived by the cabin-boy as to the "Heeuba" party having been destroyed almost to a man, suddenly remembered that he had revealed a certain secret to Tom Foster, and his joy received a shock; he turned thoughtful and silent. What if the "Heeuba" men should discover that he had "blabbed!"

"The imp of Satan!" I'll cut his infernal throat for this!" was the muttered result of a very short period of reflection. "As for Foster, I'm not safe until he's out of the way," he continued, "not for an hour."

Evans happened to be actually present when Foster's note to Keith Adams was found. If he had thought of it or guessed what the note contained, Evans would have seized it from the finder and swallowed it rather than have it seen and read; for within the envelope was his own communication. As a matter of fact he was thinking how best to silence Fos-

ter before the "Heeuba" people should get to know that their secret had been given up to one of the "Penelope" men.

"You've got young Foster, haven't you, lads?" he asked as he walked along the deck with the rest looking for the mate.

"We've got two chaps. I don't know whether one's Foster," said a "Heeuba" man. "We finished the other two as we came aboard."

"Where've you put the live ones?" asked Evans.

"One's in the chart-room and 't'other in the galley," he was told. "One's got a broken head; the chap who had a mate's cap on."

"That would be Foster," thought Evans. "It would be a pity if he couldn't get rid of him quietly and without suspicion."

He was about to look in at the chart-room when he overheard the mate's remarks upon receiving the note found in Keith's cabin.

"What's this?" asked Finlay, the mate. "Found in one of the cabins aft, sir, and I thought you might like to see it," replied the finder.

The mate opened the note and read it. He read it indifferently, the significance of its contents not seeming to strike him for a moment. Suddenly his face blackened and he uttered a fierce oath.

"Who wrote this?" he asked, savagely. Someone replied that it was found in an officer's cabin. The mate examined it closely.

"It's signed T. F.," he said. "Must be Tommy Foster, for he speaks of his dad, old Jake. He knows where the stuff is, d—n him! How in thunder could he have found out, here aboard?"

Evans did not wait to hear this speech to the end. He had slunk away before the mate finished speaking. Things were getting too hot for him.

Down into the steward's pantry he rushed; he had thought of the same hiding-place that had recommended itself to the boy Tommy. Evans lifted the trap-door and slipped into the hold, closing the trap after him. He lit a match and peered among the barrels and sacks, looking for a safe sanctuary. Those who were his friends but a moment ago would now suddenly become, he knew, his most relentless enemies.

Evans stood and listened; there were rapid steps overhead; men were running excitedly about the decks. Could they be after him already? There was a broken arm-chair in a corner of the store-hold, chucked in there out of the way as useless. Evans tore off one of the legs, swearing savagely. "They shan't take me without a fight for it!" he muttered.

But the footsteps passed forward and there was a respite.

"If I can get hold of a place where they won't find me for an hour or two I'll give them the slip yet, and swim off to the island and join the 'Penelope' chaps," thought Evans. "I'd sit under an empty cask for a week rather than hang."

Destiny guided the man towards the spot where poor Tommy lay and trembled. He had caught sight of Evans and recognized him by the light of the match and for a moment or two terror so paralyzed him that he could move neither hand nor foot. He would have screamed, but his throat seemed gripped by the hand of fear, and he could not.

Evans found a packet of candles and lighted one. Then he came on, straight as a line, for Tommy's sanctuary.

"Here's the very thing—an empty case," he muttered. "I'll haul it out and get under it."

He seized the case and dragged it up. Tommy's voice found utterance, and he yelled aloud for mercy.

Evans started back in the first moment of surprise, but in another instant he had recognized the boy.

"It's you, you hell-bound whelp!" he said. "Is it? Ah, and it's you I've to thank for this, you and your lies. Say your prayers! I'm going to knock your brains out in a minute."

Tommy suddenly remembered the revolver Foster had given him, and his courage returned with a rush.

"Say yours," he cried. "If you come an inch nearer I'm going to shoot."

"Put that infernal thing down," said Evans, pretending to laugh. "I was only jokin'."

"Not me. I don't trust you after what you said. Go back and get out of the trap-door and swear you won't come down again, or tell I'm here, and maybe I won't fire."

"Put it down, you fool. I ain't going up, and can't. I'm hiding from my enemies. I can't go."

"I'll count ten," said Tommy, covering him all the while, "and then I'll pull. One—two—"

Evans gave a bound towards the hold, hoping to knock up his arm. Tommy shut his eyes and fired. The candle dropped from Evans's left hand, the bludgeon fell with a clatter from his right, the man himself tottered forward a step, tripped, and fell dead.

Tommy uttered a scream of horror, dropped the pistol and fled. Over cases and boxes he scrambled, shrieking, slipping, falling at every step till he reached the opposite corner. Here he sank behind a pile of potato sacks and waited.

A moment later the trap-door opened and two or three men jumped down.

"There he is—hiding!" I see him," cried someone. Another man snatched up the guttering candle and held it close to Evans's face. "He's dead," he said. "He

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ain't hidin'! It's a case of suicide. Here's his pistol lyin' close to him. The poor devil preferred it to hangin' and no fool either!"

"He might have put the candle out, the silly idjit," said a second man. "There'd have been a big blaze in a minute."

(To be continued.)

Never too Late

To Try A Good Thing.

"I am fifty-two years old and for forty years of that time I have been a chronic catarrh sufferer," says Mr. James Giesling of Allegheny City. "With every change of weather my head and throat would be stuffed up with catarrhal mucus."

"I could not breathe naturally through the nostrils for months together, and much of the time I suffered from catarrh of the stomach. Finally my hearing began to fail, and I realized something must be done."

"I tried inhalers and sprays and salves, which gave me temporary relief, and my physician advised me to spray or douche with Peroxide of Hydrogen. But the catarrh would speedily return in a few days and I became thoroughly discouraged."

"I had always been prejudiced against patent medicine, but as everything else had failed I felt justified in at least making a trial."

"Our good old family physician, Dr. Ramsdell, laughed at me a little, but said if I was determined to try patent medicines, he would advise me to begin with Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, because he knew what they contained and he had heard of several remarkable cures resulting from their use, and furthermore that they were perfectly safe, containing no cocaine or opiates."

"The next day I bought a fifty-cent box at a drug store, carried it in my pocket, and four or five times a day I would take a tablet. In less than a week I felt a marked improvement, which continued, until at this time I am entirely free from any trace of catarrh."

"My head is clear, my throat free from irritation, my hearing is as good as it ever was, and I feel that I cannot say enough in praise of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets."

These tablets contain extract of Eucalyptus bark, blood root and other valuable antiseptics combined in pleasant tablet form, and it is safe to say that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are far superior in convenience, safety and effectiveness to the antiquated treatment by inhalers, sprays and douches.

They are sold by druggists everywhere in the United States and Canada.

A Novel as a Real-Estate Boomer.

LOUISVILLE papers are authority for the statement that "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" not only brought to Cabbage Patch residents the gladdest, richest Christmas their pinched lives had ever known, but has started a tide of immigration toward this suburb of Louisville. Before Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan, now Mrs. Cale Young Rice, introduced Mrs. Wiggs to her thousands of friends, the Cabbage Patch was held as undesirable a living spot as Kentucky could show. Now, all Louisville takes its guests to see the Cabbage Patch, and to discover, if possible, Mrs. Wiggs, Miss Hazy Lovey Mary, and all the rest; while every traveler through Kentucky stops off at Louisville on the same errand, and kodak enthusiasts haunt the region at all hours. Nor is this all. The Cabbage Patch has become fashionable is hardly the word—popular among the lower circles of Louisville's people; and one land-owner has let contracts for twenty-two new cottages to meet the demands of would-be Cabbage Patchites. These new cottages will be ready to accommodate the spring rush, which the appearance of "Lovey Mary" in book-form is expected to increase.

This new picture of life among the lowly promises to have as great a success as its predecessor, for those who smiled at the quaint sayings of the widowed Mrs. Wiggs and the amusing antics of her children will be glad to get another glimpse of them. The new story, by the way, is not a sequel, although several other familiar characters again appear in its pages. Here is a characteristic bit of advice taken at random, which shows that the sympathetic

are again served as nice and tasty as they were last season (other meals and luncheons as well). Try our meals and have a look at our ball-room. Phone Park 905.

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He Can.

Because he has been over the road.

A grocer down in Texas said that when he first put in a stock of Postum Good Coffee he concluded to try it himself to know how well he could recommend it to his customers. He says: "I quit using coffee and had Postum prepared according to directions on the package, and found it a most healthful, toothsome beverage."

"I had been troubled seriously with stomach trouble, but after leaving off coffee and using Postum I gradually got better and better. That interested me so I persuaded my mother-in-law, who is over sixty and a confirmed coffee-drinker, to quit coffee and drink Postum."

"She has suffered for years with stomach trouble and food coming up in her throat after eating. As soon as she quit coffee and began using Postum this distress stopped, and she has been getting better and better ever since."

"A short time ago a lady who was starting west bought up my entire stock of Postum for fear she could not find it where she was going."

"From my own experience one can readily see that I can recommend Postum very highly." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Cabbage Patch philosopher has lost none of her original charm:

"If you want to be cheerful, just set yer mind on it an' do it. Can't none of us help what traits we start out in life with, but we kin help what we end up with. When things first got to goin' wrong with me, I says: 'O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gittin

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Must Bear Signature of
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FOR HEADACHE.
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Curious Bits of News.

Every year the upper class men of Syracuse University adopt some scheme that will distinguish them from the lower class men. Last year it was corduroy trousers. This year over one hundred students of Syracuse University have signed the following agreement: "We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to let our mustaches grow from date unless this promise is dissolved by mutual consent."

In order to relieve Marconi from the necessity of performing service in the Italian army, King Victor Emmanuel has transferred him to the navy, which sphere of activity he will doubtless find more congenial, if, indeed, it does not afford a larger opportunity for the exercise of his talent. The connection may be merely nominal. Nevertheless, the incident illustrates the strictness of the requirement of Italy that all able-bodied citizens shall perform some military duty.

The Bismarck "Tribune" gives some interesting statistics of the personnel of the North Dakota Legislature. Out of ninety-eight members of the house of representatives whose birthplace has been looked up, the Canadian provinces lead with twenty-one members; Norway follows a close second with fourteen who first saw the light of day in the land of the midnight sun. The Badger State lines up in third place with nine names. Minnesota and Germany tie with seven each. The rest are scattered.

In a remarkable speech delivered the other day at Khartoum, Lord Cromer made some striking observations as to the future of the Upper Soudan. One great obstruction to the development of Egyptian industry, he said, was the high price of coal. At Khartoum it was recently thirty dollars a ton. He added, however, that he had recently heard that there was great prospect of finding good coal south of Khartoum. "Such a discovery would be of greater value than the finding of gold, for it would materially alter the whole problem of the development of the Soudan."

The Man With the Torn Coat.

"HAVE you ever heard the story about the man with the torn coat?" asked Senator Dewey yesterday, after shaking hands with an old Albany friend, says the New York "Tribune."

"Is this one of your own make?" queried the friend.
"The story or the coat?" retorted the senator, as he cleared his throat. "Well, it was this way: A man and his wife went to a dinner dance. They arrived so late that the dressing-rooms were empty. The wife noticed a tip in her husband's coat. She therefore led him into the ladies' dressing-room, saying she could fix the tear with a pin. On examination, however, she found she could not mend the rent unless he took off the garment. The husband took it off.

"Just then footsteps were heard, and women's voices. The husband, in a fright, looked around for an avenue of escape, but saw only one other door besides the one by which they had entered. The wife was still more terror-stricken, and, seizing her husband, she precipitately shoved him through the second doorway and turned the lock behind him.
"At the same instant two women came into the dressing-room and discovered the wife standing there with a man's coat in her hands. She attempted to explain, but her words were drowned by a series of ferocious poundings on the door through which her husband had disappeared.
"Open the door! Open the door!" he shouted.
"I can't!" shrieked the poor wife.
"There are two women here!"
"Hang the women!" shouted the poor wretch again. "I'm out here in the ball-room!"

"I can't!" shrieked the poor wife.
"There are two women here!"
"Hang the women!" shouted the poor wretch again. "I'm out here in the ball-room!"

Latin for a Cigar.

Nowadays, it would seem, the German schoolboy may reasonably expect to be asked what is Latin for a cigar. He has an opportunity at least of knowing how to answer this question if he studies Dr. Georg Capellanus's amusing little book "sprechen sie Lateinisch!" In the conversation at the railway station on page 70 (third edition, 1900) "Gib dem Schaffner ein paar Cigarren!" is rendered by "Da vecturario aliquot stilos tabaci!" and the author adds that "Americanische Neulateiner" calls cigars "convolvuli."

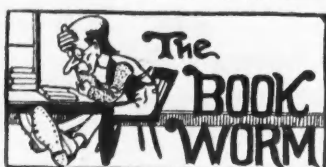
Literary Man—Those are rather cunning little bows you put on that new pen-wiper you've just made for me, dear.
His wife (with a shriek)—Heavens! That's not a pen-wiper! It's my new hat!

Mrs. Stubbs—They have captured the cleverest hotel robber in the country, my dear. Mr. Stubbs—Indeed! Which hotel did he keep?—"Titt-Bits."

Asking Questions.

An Inquiry Changed a Man's Whole Life.

When you get a man to recognize that his bad feelings come from improper food and that he can get well by using scientific food, the battle is half won. One of New York's business men says: "I was troubled for a long time with indigestion, headache and stomach trouble, but with no good results. I concluded to see how a change of food would affect me. I never cared particularly for cereals of any kind, but ate meat and pastry continually and drank coffee.
"I found on enquiring that Grape-Nuts were highly spoken of, and decided to give them a trial. To say I was surprised at the result would not begin to do justice to my feelings. My headaches left me; my brain became clearer and active; my attacks of indigestion grew fewer and fewer until they ceased entirely, and when I once went home tired, fatigued and indispensed to any exertion whatever, I now found a different state of affairs.
"My color was good, my muscles strong and firm and fully equal to anything I asked of them, instead of soft and flabby. I live two miles from my business and walk it daily back and forth, if the weather permits. I am 53 years old, and feel as well and strong as when I was 30, and can ride 70 miles a day on a bicycle without feeling any bad results." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.



"THE CIRCLE," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, is one of the new books this month which readers are recommending to one another, and is published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited).

The title of the story of Anna is based upon the quotation from fly-leaf of the book: "In youth we dream that life is a straight line; later, we know it to be a circle, in which the present presses on the future, the future on the past." Anna's life begins in a dusty curio shop in London, where at fifteen she is her grandfather's factotum, the old man being immersed in study and oblivious of all else. Anna longs for release from the monotony in her daily drudgery, and, rushing out one night, attracted by a sound of rioting, rescues a wretched German from a mob. The German has been robbed of a consignment of jewels in London, only one clasp of the suite remaining to him. This Anna takes with the story to the rich woman, who becomes her patroness, educates her for the stage, and alienates her from her only relative, her place being filled by Johann, the German. Anna is a huge success in Paris, and while awaiting her debut in London has a fancy to remain incog, during which time she meets a friend of her patroness, Mr. Strode, a half-Canadian, half-Cornishman, who falls in love with her, and his love is returned. It happens that Strode has visited the curio shop, seen Johann and heard the story of Anna's desertion of her home. He tells the tale unconsciously of her identity, to Anna herself. She is overcome with his denunciation of the selfish act and its consequences, the grandfather having lost his mind from grief at her disappearance. On her debut in London as Sapho, Strode is by her own contrivance present. He recognizes her, and after the performance she hides herself in the curio shop, Johann, who has a passion for her, is fully lying when Strode instinctively comes there to seek her, not as the reader expects, to denounce, but to forgive and love loyally. Johann, discovering her love for Strode, reveals her hiding-place to him, and he comes two hours after the death of her grandfather to claim and comfort her. They dispose of Johann in a very few words. Strode says, "Johann is standing in chaos now, but things will settle down. He has come into this world warped. What he wants is a new standpoint. He's like a plant in a poor soil; he wants digging out; he wants transplanting. I propose that we do the gardening." For my part Strode strikes me as a bit tiresome and inevitable. But the run of the story is forceful and the interest is sustained, while a certain original vividness is in the telling of it.

The appearance of "A Midsummer Nights Dream" from Messrs. Crowell, New York, heralds a Shakespeare event of some moment. This play is the forerunner of an entire set of the master poet's works to be known as the "First Folio Edition," and to rest upon that famous original, not only for text, but also for spelling and punctuation. Despite the many editions of Shakespeare now extant, the "First Folio" is a new departure and is therefore entitled to special consideration.
The editors say, and justly, that Chaucer and Spenser have been privileged to reach the modern reader in the form of speech befitting them and belonging to their time—then why not Shakespeare? Barring the long "C" and a very few similar typographical changes, there is practically nothing in the form of the first complete text of the plays published in 1623, and commonly called the First Folio, which should cause the present-day reader to stumble. The advantages of authority and interest are so obvious, in fidelity to this first of all editions, that it is now reproduced exactly—with the exception of modern typography. In doing this the editors have, of course, laid bare the imperfections of the earlier editions. They have all been noted in such way as to present the most complete and perfect text of each play, and at the same time to indicate just what is the Folio text and what is not. The modern equivalents of special words are given in a side margin of the page. The bulk of archaic words and pronunciation of proper names are relegated to a glossary. "A Midsummer Nights Dream" comes equipped with preface, introduction, literary frontispieces from rare editions, argument, sources, duration of action, date of composition, early editions, literary illustrations, glossary, variorum readings and selected criticism. Truly a monumental work! The editors' names bespeak the high quality of the work. Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke obtained recognition in "Poet-Lore" long before their excellent editions of Browning appeared, or their still more recent "Shakespeare Studies: Macbeth," "Love's Labor's Lost" will be ready shortly, and other volumes are in preparation.

Incident of the Plague in the Philippines.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Medical Record" says that in December last a padre in a northern province of Luzon told his congregation that he had had a vision in which he had seen San Roque, the patron saint against cholera, descending into a well, and that San Roque had informed him that whoever drank or bathed in the waters of this well would have no cholera. (San Roque) thought that his people had been frightened enough, and had come back to protect them. This announcement was made immediately after the priest had heard that cholera no longer existed in the province. Immediately following the announcement of the priest, the people of the vicinity flocked to the well by hundreds, the news rapidly spread, and within a week a crowd of thousands had collected, many coming from distant provinces and camping in the fields. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see hundreds of men, women and children, dressed stark naked, standing about the well and having its waters poured over them, while others were drinking the water and carrying it away in bottles. The conditions were present for a most virulent outbreak, for many of the faithful came from districts in which cholera still existed, and the well was certain to

become ultimately infected, and prove a focus from which the disease would be transmitted in all directions. Argument was useless with the pilgrims, and it became necessary for the authorities to close the well by force and place it under an armed guard—for the people firmly believed that San Roque would stamp out cholera if they only did as the priest told them.

Housey's Rapids is in Line.

Geo. C. Chalker Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills did for Him.

Took Him From his Bed, made him a Well Man Able and Willing to do a Fair Day's Work.

Housey's Rapids, Ont., March 9.—(Special).—As every city, town and village in Canada seems to be giving its evidence as to the wonderful cures resulting from Dodd's Kidney Pills, there is no reason Housey's Rapids should not be in line. People here have Kidney troubles just the same as elsewhere, and like others they have used Dodd's Kidney Pills and been cured.

One of the most remarkable cures was that of George C. Chalker. He says: "I am cured of my Kidney complaint. I have no doubt about it in the least. I weigh ten pounds more than I did fourteen months ago, can do a fair day's work every day and I am clear of my old enemy, lame back, heavy aching arms, dull, bloated eyes—yes, it is all gone, purged out by Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"No one can realize the relief except those who have been through it all. I was so bad I could not work hard, but was compelled to make a living. My head felt so bad that my eyes would seem to float. I felt tired all the time, my arms felt useless at times and so very heavy. At last I was laid up and could do no work.
"Then I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and you see the result. It only took six boxes to cure me completely."
And Mr. Chalker is only one of many in this neighborhood who charge their good health up to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Nan's Adventures Up to Date.

It is a long time since a bit of doggerel has attracted so much attention as the jingle about "Nan of Nantucket," which originally appeared in the Princeton "Tiger." All over the country, the newspaper bards have added new verses, until now the adventures of the mercenary Nan make quite a thrilling story. We quote the original lines and a few of the most amusing additions:

There once was a man from Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket,
—Princeton "Tiger."

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket—
The man and the girl with the bucket;
And he said to the man
He was welcome to Nan,
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket,
—Chicago "Tribune."

Then the pair followed Pa to Manhasset,
Where he still held the cash as an asset;
But Nan and the man
Stole the money and ran,
And as for the bucket, Manhasset,
—New York "Press."

The pair then went on to Natick;
When the man thought he might turn a trick,
That he had nothing to pawn,
As the bucket was gone,
And the people would give them Natick,
—Boston "Transcript."

Pa's wife joined the party at Lima,
So glum she appeared, they said, "Fie, ma,"
But she raved, "You well know
That the bucket of dough
Is mine," Nan exclaimed, "How you Lima,"
—New York "Sun."

So they beat their way up to Woonsocket,
Where the judge found their names on the docket;
When 'twas over the man
Remarked sadly to Nan:
"Gee! Didn't the legal Woonsocket!"
—Chicago "Record-Herald."

But they came to the River Shetucket,
And they still had the cash in the bucket;
"Twas a sad, sad affair;
Nan left the man there,
And as for the bucket, Shetucket,
—New Haven "Register."

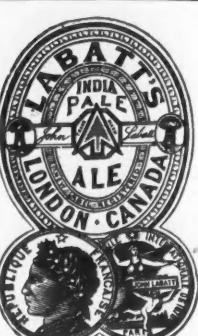
Pa followed Nan to Jamaica,
Where a copper did soon overtake her.
"Where's the cash, Pa?" he cried.
"Won't tell," Nan replied.
Then Pa shouted "Judge, won't Jamaica!"
—Ex.

With Nan's cash Pa lit out for Miami;
But in jail he remarked "Now, where am I?"
Nan said with a jeer:
"You're in jail, Pa, I fear."
And Pa sadly replied, "Oh, Miami!"
—Ex.

Nan's bucket was really a sack,
And she bundled it in a hack;
Pa weeps—good old man—
For a far-away Nan;
Her address now is, Nan, Hackensack,
—New York "Sun."

How to Make Baby Sleep.
You can make baby sleep by giving him laudanum or the "soothing" stuffs which invariably contain opiates. But no sensible mother will do that. The way to make baby sleep happily and in comfort is to take away the cause of his wakefulness. This cause is located in his little inside—nowhere else. Babies seldom have anything the matter with them but their stomachs, and it is safe to say that the baby who cries unreasonably is complaining of his stomach. There is no ailment of a baby's stomach that Baby's Own Tablets will not cure right away. They make baby cheerful and happy and give him sound, natural sleep—not the drugged sleep produced by soothing stuffs. Mrs. William Smith, Listowel, Ont., says: "My baby used to be very restless and sleepless, but since giving him Baby's Own Tablets he is better every way." These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and can be given to the very youngest baby. You can get them from any druggist, or they will be sent, postpaid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Peers on the Stage.
The Earl of Roslyn, who has just played an engagement in a Toronto theater, is not the only British peer on the American stage. Another is the notorious Earl of Yarmouth, who has just landed an heiress with a fortune. His engagement to Miss Alice Shaw, daughter of the late William Thaw of Pittsburgh, who made an immense fortune in



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coal and iron, has just been announced. Having exhausted his moral, social and financial credit in England, and being in what are called reduced circumstances, the Earl, who is the eldest son of the Marquis of Hertford, came to the United States several years ago in search of an heiress, and has been so gracious as to offer his coronet to a dozen or fifteen young ladies of property. Each in turn has squelched him, and, being pressed for means to pay his board and cigarette bills, he has made use of his title in the theatrical and newspaper business, without great success in either. He wrote articles for the sensational New York newspapers for so much a column as long as the editors would pay for them, and then he played minor parts at different theaters as long as curiosity would lead people to a theater to see an actor eal.

Pasters on Luggage Taboo.

It is no longer "the thing" to have one's luggage decorated with the "pasters" of foreign hotels, steamships and railways. Young men who wanted to appear "knowing" and to get the reputation of being traveled without the trouble and expense of traveling, had their friends who went abroad send them the necessary pasters. Some even boldly wrote to hotels in Switzerland, France and London asking for the coveted bits of paper. Then when they disgarded their suit-cases with foreign labels they were delighted if every time they crossed the ferry people read the evidences of travel with awe and expressed envy and admiration in their eyes. Some even had their different pieces of luggage varnished so that the labels would not come off. Now, however, the doubting Thomases glance contemptuously at the portable picture-galleries and say to their companions: "Pooh! that don't prove anything. Likely as not he bought 'em." So now, says the New York "Press," the real traveler, the one to whom a trip abroad is not the event of a lifetime but an almost annual occurrence, tries to keep his luggage as free from foreign labels as possible in order that he may not be confounded with the spurious article.



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THE DRAMA

A stern regard for truth, which even an inherited reverence for the nobility and gentry cannot weaken, impels one to say that if the Earl of Rosslyn had come to this city as an ordinary plebeian member of some theatrical company, his evident lack of any talent for the stage would have been at once noticed, and he would have been dismissed as an "also appeared" with one or two charitable words at the end of a criticism. Sad to relate, the divine right to rule vested in the British peer does not carry with it a divine right to act, as the noble earl has no doubt long ago discovered by perusal of candid criticisms. The New York "Sun," in commenting upon his first appearance in the American metropolis, observed that "the Earl of Rosslyn made a satisfactory exhibit," and it would be difficult to express in so few words a more accurate view as to his pretensions. His lordship is a slim, somewhat lanky young man with immobile, rather expressionless features. One would have thought that the joy of spending half a million in record time would have left the indelible stamp of gladness upon his countenance, and his somewhat serious look was disappointing. Those who provided him with his drama, "The Young Miss Pettifer," evidently exercised great care not to place any serious histrionic obstacles in his path, the result being a role innocuous and savoring of barley sugar and caramels. It is true that his lordship's manner of asking a young lady to come out in the garden and have some strawberries was interesting; it is equally a fact that he was most convincing in a genteel way when he said: "You're the dearest girl in all the world," while his polite but firm defiance, "I will not obey your father," was admirably calculated not to offend by rudeness. Beyond these instances there is little to record of his lordship's doings. "The Young Miss Pettifer," which is said to be by W. Gayer Mackay and Robert Ord, is a generally insipid production, with too much small talk and too little action for a good drama, though brightened by touches of genuine humor. The piece has a decidedly early Victorian atmosphere, with a touch of Dickens, a dash of the "Bow Bells" novelette, and a melange of the "Quiver." Its plot is, however, of the most hackneyed character, worked out in a manner strikingly amateurish. The rascal who palms himself off as a hero and lives upon the father of the man whose life he falsely alleges he has saved, reminds one of many popular novels. The noble girl who, when about to marry the man her father says he has saved, is told of the imposture and immediately exposes it, ruining her chances of a rich marriage, has a strangely familiar air. The young soldier who quarrels with his father and is disowned, only to be re-owned in the last act and allowed to marry, the War Office having conveniently cancelled his marching orders, is reminiscent of the penny novelette. All these things are to be found in "The Young Miss Pettifer," together with our peppery old friend the hot-headed major, and the two maiden aunts—surely out of Dickens—and the poor young woman in black who comes with her child to establish claim in her distress as the wife of the real hero who died in his effort. It may be said that the acting is better than the play. Miss Beatrice Irwin in the title role moved lightly and gracefully about the stage and was good to look upon, proving an excellent and true actress within the limited range provided. Major C. entry, as played by Etienne Girardot, was full of fire, but set one wondering as to his verisimilitude. Mrs. Felix Morris and Janet Barrington as the two maiden sisters gave two really entertaining character sketches. Other members of the cast proved competent and interesting.

There is a very fine attraction at the Grand this week in Churchill's "The Crisis." It is an artistic production and is being very favorably received. It has the tone one would expect from anything James K. Hackett presents, and though it is the most stirring war play we have had here this season the feelings of the audience are never overstrained, and neither is the interest allowed to flag. The dramatization is more interesting than the book, as nothing but the strong scenes are produced, while the historical, descriptive portions are, perforce, omitted. Miss Isabel Irving, as Virginia Carvel, is excellent. She is very pretty, wears the most artistic dainty crinolines imaginable, and fills the part with a grace, composure and unaffectedness that is very charming. In the emotional scenes she does not rant in the least, but expresses her grief as a dignified, affectionate Southern girl would, and her real love and admiration for Stephen Brice, the Northerner, as against her love for the South, is delicately though obviously shown. The supporting company is not as good as it might be, though Judge Whipple and Elphinstone Hopper are strongly portrayed by Charles Lamb and Jacques Martin. It is the play itself and Miss Irving that make it so attractive. In the first act the auction scene, where Stephen Brice buys the slave with his last dollar, is one of the most exciting in the play. In the third act, in the parlors of Colonel Carvel's town house, the mirror is made of a large piece of tin or zinc and has a very crude appearance. It robs the room of some of its beauty, but perhaps such a substitute is used to avoid the ill-luck that would surely come if a real mirror were broken in the exciting scene that ensues.

Marie Dressler's appearance at Shea's this week is proving a profitable enterprise for the management. As a comedienne she is universally recognized and as an artist she has hosts of admirers. She takes possession of the house directly she makes her appearance. Her work this week is fine. She injects subtle comedy into it, and everywhere her selections are sparkling with irresistible humor. The burlesque on Browning's "The Glove" is an enjoyable performance, the facial expression and gestures being decidedly amusing. It is rumored that Miss Dressler is to appear in a new comic opera next season. It is constructed on lines especially suiting her ability, and is written by the author of "A Message From Mars." The scene is laid in Spain. The balance of the programme includes some very attractive features. Lewis McCord and Co. present "Her Last Rehearsal," a sketch which is, without exception, the most interesting and novel that has visited Toronto this season. It is very real, and although better dramatic ability would show to advantage, the company is well balanced and the members admirably suit the characters. Mr. King as Romeo (off the stage) looks the part, and little Miss Bates does her work well. Perhaps it is easier to pretend to know nothing than it is to run the risk of exposing how little one really knows; however, in the present instance the result is entirely satisfactory. Mr.

THE CONSULTATION.



Mr. Ontario (getting his dander up)—Now, see here, you fellows, agree on something for my benefit; I'm getting out of kilter.

McCord as "The Stage Manager" shows ability as a comedian. Miss St. Clair and the stage hands put the finishing touches to the skit, which is well worth seeing. The ventriloquist artist, Mr. Charles E. Colby, is superior to most of those who in the same capacity have been seen at Shea's recently. He wears no mustache and the control he has of the facial muscles is marvelous. Miss Way ably assists as the dancing doll. Bruno and Russell are not bad performers, but a great amount of their work could be cut out to advantage. If John Healy would tumble to himself and cut the whole thing out with those shears of his, the majority would feel truly indebted to him. The rebounding billiard table has been here too often already, and although it is a worthy act it grows tiresome. George E. Davis is a clever monologist; he speaks remarkably well and is immensely entertaining. Smith, Doty and Coe are on this week's bill again and the cycle wheel closes the show.

The star feature of the bill at Shea's next week will be Henry Lee, who impersonates great men, past and present. Mr. Lee has just returned from a tour of the world and has one of the most interesting performances of the year. The great Toronto favorites, Calahan and Mack, will appear in a new act which is said to be even better than their former one. Then there will be Keno, Welch and Melrose, Lottie Gladstone, Fred Stuber, Brown and Navarro, the Ford Sisters and the Pantzer Trio.

There is something about Edward E. Rice's "Show Girl," that returns to the Princess Theater next week, which commends itself strongly to amusement lovers; it is one of the best of the musical comedies and extravaganzas which has come from the pen of R. A. Barnett. Its three months' run at Wallack's Theater, New York city, with subsequent engagements at the Colonial Theater, Boston's fashionable playhouse, followed by its present run at the Columbia Theater, where it has been playing to packed houses during the past five weeks, speaks for itself. "The Show Girl," or "The Magic Cap," is just a bit of jolly tomfoolery. It is never loud or vulgar, but always refined, and never fails to provoke mirth. There are three hours of music, song and drollery. The comedians were exceedingly funny, the chorus girls pretty, the songs had point, and the music was catchy. The company includes many well-known artists.

Next Friday evening, March 20th, Miss Lillian Burns will give the second reading in her series of three. She will be assisted by Miss Tina Gunn, lately returned from Paris, where she has been studying singing for six years. Miss Gunn has a very fine voice and will sing two groups of songs. Miss Burns's programme will be a considerably lighter one on this occasion than the others. It will be devoted to miscellaneous readings from authors chiefly such as Ruskin, Arlo Bates, Keats, short stories by Stephen Crane, Charles Battell Loomis, Jerome K. Jerome, etc., and promises to be very popular. These readings are given in the concert hall of St. Margaret's College, corner of Bloor street and Spadina avenue.

The Ten Best Books For Children.

WHY should grown-up folks have a monopoly of lists of "best books?" "St. Nicholas," the well-known children's magazine, has been inviting the opinion of its readers upon the best books for children under ten years of age, and in December awarded the prize to the child who sent in this list:

- "Alice in Wonderland"—Lewis Carroll.
 - "A Child's Garden of Verses"—Robert Louis Stevenson.
 - "The Birds' Christmas Carol"—Kate Douglas Wiggin.
 - "Greek Heroes"—Charles Kingsley.
 - "Hans Brinker"—Mary Mapes Dodge.
 - "King of the Golden River"—John Ruskin.
 - "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—Frances Hodgson Burnett.
 - "The Prince and the Pauper"—Mark Twain.
 - "Water-Babies"—Charles Kingsley.
 - "The Wonder Book"—Nathaniel Hawthorne.
- In its January issue "St. Nicholas" publishes another list, showing, in the order of preference, the ten most popular books, as they appear in the multitude of replies sent in for the competition:
- "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—Frances Hodgson Burnett.
 - "Alice in Wonderland"—Lewis Carroll.
 - "The Wonder Book"—Nathaniel Hawthorne.
 - "The Birds' Christmas Carol"—Kate Douglas Wiggin.
 - "Wild Animals I Have Known"—Ernest Thompson Seton.
 - "Water-Babies"—Charles Kingsley.
 - "The Jungle Books"—Rudyard Kipling.
 - "Black Beauty"—Anna Sewell.
 - "Nights with Uncle Remus"—Joel Chandler Harris.
 - "A Child's Garden of Verses"—Robert Louis Stevenson.
- The "Lamp" (formerly the "Book Buyer") finds the first list a good one, but the second "far more interesting." "The difference," it says, "is just this: the first list is the one 'St. Nicholas' thinks is the best of all those submitted, while the second list represents the opinions of the children themselves."

Euthanasia!

Let me not die in a room, shut out from the glory of Nature,
Prone on a feverish couch and girt with horrible curtains!
But when I go, may I die in the depths of shadowy woodlands,
Far away under the leaves that whisper a threnody o'er me!
Looking my last on the Sun, setting blood-red far o'er the mountains,
Flushing the sea with his flame as he sinks to sleep in the distance!
Then as the winds of the night uprise from mystical slumber,
Singing a song of the old days, bringing me rest in the twilight,
Oh! in a dream may I pass to the shore where spirits await me,
Carrying there from the earth a picture never to vanish!
This is the death that I crave, to pass on the wings of the night wind,
Far away over the stars to the land of Infinite Silence.

—F. B. DOVETON.



A heavy contract for White Wings Spence.

Church Music in Toronto.

SUMMARY.

ACCORDING to the Toronto Directory, there are two hundred and four churches in the city and its immediate suburbs, and it is safe to assume that to the large majority of these a choir is attached. When, therefore, I started out to obtain some facts as to the development of church choir music, it goes without saying that I did not propose to do more than visit a few of the representative churches, my object being to get some general idea as to the present state of efficiency of our church choirs in order to gauge the advance which has been made in the musical services during the last ten or twelve years. Altogether I attended twenty-one services, but omitting St. Michael's Cathedral and the Jewish Church of the Holy Blossom, in which the choir is a vague quantity, I found that the total enrolled strength of the combined choirs of the nineteen churches amounted to nine hundred singers, or an average of forty-seven. It is evident that so large a number of chorists, who have been trained or are being trained in refined methods of singing, and who are, as a rule, studying the music of the best masters, must be exerting an immense influence in promoting the cultivation of the art amidst the general community. It is impossible to estimate closely, without definite knowledge, what is the total of the membership of all the church choirs in the city, but making allowance for the fact that the average will be much less than that of the nineteen churches already referred to, the aggregate must be large, and one might hazard putting it down at three thousand. This statement gives one a better idea of the magnitude of the choral forces of Toronto than would any estimate of the membership of our choral societies, because it is well known that many of our singers are members of two or more societies. I must admit that much of the vocal material in the smaller and outlying churches is occasionally crude, but comparing my experience of twelve years ago with that obtained in my recent "pilgrimage," there is evident a remarkable and most gratifying improvement not only in the general rendering of the services of the church, but in the character of the music drawn upon for devotional purposes. The result may be attributed to a wider diffusion of the knowledge of music among the masses, the more general cultivation of singing and instrumental playing, the continuous production of a better quality of voice owing to more thorough and scientific methods of instruction, and last, but not least, to the growth of a class of organists and choirmasters who are well equipped theoretically and technically for instructing a choir, and who have an ardent ambition to make the music of the church as effective and attractive as circumstances will permit. A cynical friend observed to me the other day that one can easily know what a congregation is by the character of its musical services. The opinion carries with it only a half truth, for I have heard some very refined singing in churches where the congregation were very indifferent as to the quality of the music provided for them every Sunday, and where both they and the minister showed an inclination to regard the choir and organist as agencies that had conventionally to be endured. In such cases it has been the enthusiasm of the often ill-paid organist and his voluntary choir that has saved the congregation from the suspicion of being primitive in their musical and religious conceptions. Such instances are, it is hoped, exceptional. My inquiries, although necessarily limited, have convinced me that as a rule both congregation and pulpit take a keen interest in the musical services and afford the choir the heartiest encouragement, both in money and sympathy, that their circumstances will permit.

So far as I can speak from knowledge of the more central and important churches, the evidences of marked progress show themselves in the following particulars: the large increase in the number of singers; the development of a more refined quality of voice; the employment of a richer, more varied and more flexibly devotional repertory; the not infrequent employment of a paid professional solo quartette as a supplementary agency, and of a class of organists and choirmasters who make a special study of sacred music; the replacement of antiquated organs by modern instruments; the increased attention paid to the expressive and appropriate rendering of the selections. While in all the representative churches much care is being bestowed upon the oratorical truthfulness of the singing, I have not noticed, I am glad to say, any petty exposition of the words, such as when resorted to often destroys the significance of a whole sentence or phrase. This trifling with words was at one time commonly indulged in, and in fact a reference to some hymn versions will show that certain words are invariably marked to be sung soft or loud without reference to the context. There seems to be in these days an honest desire to sing the music of a hymn or anthem in the spirit which inspired the text, and every day sees progress made in this direction. The truth, too, is being recognized that it is not enough for a choir to sing reverently and with good will to make the congregation respond sympathetically in devotional feeling. The singing must be musically agreeable, otherwise the worshipper is annoyed and distracted. Times have changed from the days when any kind of a bawling bass or shrieking soprano was good enough for a church choir. And I have no doubt that in the near future a still higher standard of voice will be demanded from church singers.

In making a rapid survey of the services on which I have commented in this column, those at the Methodist churches as a rule are, I think, entitled to take precedence for comprehensiveness, variety and beauty. The most brilliant, the strongest choir, and the best solo voices are to be found in the Metropolitan Church, and at the Sherbourne and Carlton Street Churches are given very rich and refined services of praise. For perfection of pure choir singing, regarded from the most advanced musical standard, the choir of Jarvis Street Baptist Church is not surpassed, not even equalled. The number of singers is, however, small when compared with the Metropolitan Church. The Presbyterian churches come next in point of distinction, that is, taking the leading congregations. The Roman Catholics seem content to rest on their achievements of the past, while the Anglicans, with their English ecclesiastical music, are for the most part but marking time. With regard to the more remote churches, I may again mention as specially attractive the services I heard at the Parkdale Methodist and Dunn Avenue Presbyterian Wesley Methodist and Trinity Methodist. All the non-Episcopalian congregations, in fact, show a determination to increase the efficiency and add to the religious import of their praise services.

CHERUBINO.

Was Daniel Webster a Drunkard?

IN his "Memories of a Hundred Years," Edward Everett Hale deals with the slanderous stories about the great Daniel Webster, as follows:

Between the years 1826 and 1852, when he died, I must have seen him thousands of times. I must have read thousands of letters from him. I have been in his house often at his house. My father, as I say, was his intimate friend. Now, it was to me a matter of the utmost personal surprise when I found, gradually growing up in this country, the impression that Mr. Webster was often, not to say generally, overcome with liquor, in the latter years of his life. I should say that now a third part of the anecdotes of him which you find about have reference to occasions when it was supposed that, under the influence of whiskey, he did not know what he was doing. I like to say, therefore, that in the course of twenty-six years, running from the time when I was four years old to the time when I was thirty, I never had a dream or thought that he cared anything about wine or liquor—certainly I never supposed that he used it to excess. What is more, I know that my own father, who lived to the year 1864, heard such stories as these with perfect disgust and indignation. This is a good place to print my opinion that this class of stories has been nourished, partly carelessly and partly from worse motives; and that they are not to be taken as real indications of the habit or life of the man.

Omission.

The certain thing I did not blur the sun
And glooms the way I go.
I doubt me if the saddest sinning done
Could haunt and hurt me so.
—THEOPHOSIA GARRISON.

Mrs. Julia A. Carney, who wrote "Little Drops of Water," is still living. She will be eighty years old the coming April, and it is proposed that children be invited to contribute each a cent for a testimonial to be presented to her.

CLUB LIFE IN TORONTO.

Something About the Social Political and Athletic Clubs and Club-Houses.

3.—TORONTO CLUB.

AMONGST the social clubs of this city there is none of the antiquity of the Toronto Club. Its history goes back to the earlier half of the last century, and it is said to be the oldest organization of a social character not only in Toronto, but in the wide Dominion. It was not until 1863 that the Toronto Club obtained incorporation under Act of the Legislative Council and Assembly of Canada, the members named in the bill being the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, A. Thornton Todd, J. M. Strachan, A. Morrison, and John Crawford Esquires. But the inception of the Club ante-dated its incorporation by a good many years. In fact the Toronto Club is said to have had its beginning in the forties, when a number of Old Countrymen, who had come to this then very wooden part of the world and missed here the social institutions of England, were wont to meet together in a convivial way. A house in the vicinity of the present "Mail and Empire" office, with a racquet court attached, was the first building to be occupied for club purposes in the city of Toronto. In December, 1860, a meeting was held at the Rossin House, at which the late Sheriff Jarvis presided, for the purpose of effecting a more formal organization. A committee of five were elected, and the Toronto Club became a reality. The committee mentioned consisted of Colonel (later Sir) Casimir Gzowski, J. M. Strachan, W. H. Boulton, L. W. Ord and G. Perkins Esquires. Mr. A. Thornton Todd was elected secretary and continued to occupy the position till 1860. Rooms were secured by the new organization in the Rossin House, and there the Toronto Club was domiciled for a period of about two years, when the club secured premises at 79 York street, which they enlarged and renovated, adding a racquet court at the rear and other



Mr. H. C. Hammond, Chairman.



The Toronto Club, corner Wellington and York Streets.

desirable improvements. This continued to be the home of the club till the late eighties, except for a short period, when, upon the amalgamation of the Toronto Club with the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and while the York street premises were being improved, the town club-house of the Yacht Club in King street, west of the Palmer House, was used by both clubs. Towards the end of the eighties the old York street club-house was found to have become inadequate for the accommodation of the members. A site at the corner of Wellington and York streets was secured and Mr. Frank Darling engaged to design a new and modern building. That Mr. Darling did his work well, ample proof exists in the imposing exterior and commodious, well-planned interior of the structure which since 1880 has been the home of the Toronto Club. Indeed, it is to be doubted if there is any club-house in the Dominion which unites in so striking a manner the element of spaciousness with privacy and cosy comfort. The building throughout is finished in the finest materials and furnished luxuriously. Large, open fireplaces are a feature of the interior design.



Mr. A. R. Boswell, Vice-Chairman.

The members of the Toronto Club are specially proud of the sunny and spacious palm-room adjoining the second story of their building. This is a feature of which other clubs may well be envious, for it is something unique in the club-houses of Toronto, and is valued not alone for the wealth of rare exotics it contains, but chiefly, perhaps, for its exquisite charm as a retreat for clubmen who wish to seek the solace of an after-dinner cigar amidst ideal surroundings. A great many fine and rare pictures, articles of vertu and much valuable bric-a-brac, in addition to the costly carpets, rugs and furniture which fill the interior of the Toronto Club house, give to the broad halls and stately rooms an air of elegance surpassed in few buildings devoted to social enjoyment.

The Toronto Club has the reputation of exclusiveness and certain it is that admission to its membership has never been lightly esteemed. Having always been a purely social organization, and dating back to a time long before golden keys could open the door to social recognition as they do now, it is not to be wondered at that the traditional policy of the club upon the question of membership has been conservative. Other clubs might admit an applicant for political or commercial reasons, but the question in the Toronto Club is always solely as to his social qualities. Under a rule of the club, politics and religious questions of every kind are absolutely excluded from open discussion. As an evidence of the distinctly social purpose and character of the Toronto, it may be mentioned that both Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. Alexander Mackenzie were members, and to-day there are prominent citizens of both parties and representing almost every religious denomination in the membership of the club.

The club is governed by a chairman and committee elected annually. The present officers are: Chairman, Mr. H. C. Hammond; Committee, Messrs. Walter Barwick, A. A. Macdonald, A. H. Campbell, Jr., A. R. Boswell, H. J. Gussell, J. Lorne Campbell, W. Wallace Jones and Sutherland Mackenzie; Secretary, Mr. Eustace A. Smith. Amongst the more recent chairmen of the club may be mentioned Messrs. E. B. Osler, Nicol Kingsmill and A. R. Creelman. The successive secretaries of the club since its inception have been: Mr. A. Thornton Todd, Major Draper, Mr. C. J. Blumfield, Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, Mr. H. J. Forlong and Mr. Smith. It is interesting to mention that Mr. Christopher Robinson K.C., is the oldest member of the club, having joined in 1860. Mr. A. G. Ramsay of Hamilton joined in 1861, and Dr. Thorburn and Mr. R. Elmley of Toronto both date their membership back to 1862.

The accompanying view of the club-house is from a water-

color sketch, and is not absolutely true to the building as it stands to-day, some minor changes having been made. The cut, however, gives an imposing and substantially correct perspective of what is admittedly one of the handsomest club-



Glimpse of Interior of old Club-house.

houses in Canada. The views of the old club-house at 79 York street are loaned by the club, and are interesting from a historical point of view. It may be mentioned that the three gentlemen in the interior view are Messrs. Lyndhurst Ogden to the left, Herbert Forlong in the rear, and the late A. T. Todd to the right.

St. Patrick and the Serpent.

"COME, move on wid yez," sez Saint Pathrick sharply. "For why?" axed the sar-pint, collin' himself up more comfortably. "It's well satisfied I am wid the way things is here." "I'm not doubtin' that same," sez Saint Pathrick. "But it's out av it yez must go, because I'm tellin' ye to." "An' who might yez be?" axed the sar-pint, wid a sneer like a woman has at her best friend's last year's dress. "An' who might yez be?" axed he, for sure it was himself was the biggest owd sar-pint in all Erin, an' divil a bit did he care for nobody at all, at all. "I might be the Prisdint av the United States," sez Saint Pathrick, sarcastic like, "or I might be a anti-thrust law," sez he; "but I'm not. I'm Saint Pathrick himself, an' I'll trouble ye to be gettin' a move on yez. Come, move on now," sez Saint Pathrick, givin' him a whack wid his pastoral staff. "Ouch! Murder!" sez the sar-pint, shiverin' all over wid the pain an' surprise av it. "Say, me darlin' Saint," sez he humbly, "can't we arbitrate this proposition av yours?" "There's nothin' to arbitrate, 'quatin' yerself," sez Saint Pathrick, wid a grin. "Sure, haven't I vested intherests?" axed the sar-pint hotly, for his timper was niver none av the best. "If yez have," sez Saint Pathrick, "shut 'em in your vest an' get out av this. There's more just like yez I must be chasin' to-day, an' I can't stand palaverin' wid yez forever," sez Saint Pathrick. "Think what I've done for the country," begs the sar-pint. "Think how it's meself has developed its resources. Sure, it would not amount to a drop more'n England itself if it wasn't for me energy an' enterprisen'," sez the sar-pint, wid tears in his eyes. "Thur for yez, me bucko," sez Saint Pathrick, "till ye're so full av those same resources yez can hardly crawl. But crawl yez must, innit?" "Ye'll niver be able to get along widout me," sez the sar-pint, shakin' his ugly owd head vamin'ly. "Mere men can niver do what meself has done. It takes a combination av strength an' skill an' courage an' confidence to push great enterprisen' to success," sez the sar-pint. "That same success bein' the ruination av everybody else," sez the Saint, proddin' him wid his staff. "Git out wid yez." "Ye'll niver be able to go on wid the good work yez are doin' av convertin' the hathen an' spreadin' the thrue religion widout money," sez the sar-pint cunningly—sure, wasn't he the slick owd rooster? "It's meself," he goes on wid all the earnestness in the world, "it's meself will build churches an' colleges, an' hospitals an' libraries till everybody sez there's nobody like Saint Pathrick for convertin' a country, an' besides," sez the sar-pint, "ye shall have a campaign fund what'll make ye the only saint in the calendar. Thrust me," he sez. But Saint Pathrick was too wise for him entirely, an' scorned his bribes, he did so, an' drove him off the island like the rest. But just before he plunged into the say, the sar-pint turned an' sez, he sez: "It's a splendid saint yez are, Saint Pathrick; but it's a dam' poor practical politician ye'd make. It's the ruination av any party ye'd be, as sure as I've no soul," he sez. An' wid that he plunked sizzlin' into the say, an' swam straight for America, where he's relatives, so I'm told.—Alex. Ricketts, in "Life."

Justice on the Road.

Three men and a woman, tramping on the road, stopped at a wayside inn to have a drink, says an English exchange. Sal, the only lady of the party, was chiefly distinguished for the size of her mouth. "What'll you hev, Bill?" said the spokesman. "Oh, a pint 'ull do me," returned Bill. "An' you, Jen?" "Oh," returns Jen, "I'll 'ave a pint the same as Bill." "An' you, missus?" addressing the shark-faced Sal. "Me," replied Sal, in an unassuming manner. "Oh, I'll just 'ave a mouthful." "No, that you won't!" hastily returned the first speaker; "you'll 'ave to be content with a pint like the rest of us!"

Five Years of the Automobile.

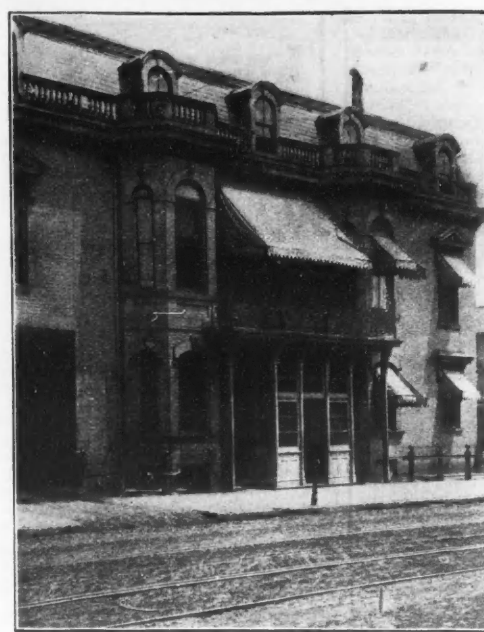
The easy way with which the modern mind adjusts itself to new conditions is illustrated by the fact that it now requires something of an effort to realize that the automobile was almost unknown five years ago, and a few years before that, had never been heard of. Four years ago there were fewer than fifty automobiles in the whole United States. Outside of one or two of the larger centers of population, not one had been seen. To-day there are twenty thousand scattered in every part of that country, and possibly several hundreds in Canada. A leading manufacturer predicts that before



Secretary Eustace Smith.



MR. CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON, K.C., A member of the Toronto Club since 1860.



Old Toronto Club, occupied to 1889.

the close of this year there will be fifty thousand machines in use on the North American continent. This rapid growth, from fifty to fifty thousand in five years, proves, if proof is necessary, that the automobile has come to stay, and that the time is approaching when the ownership of an automobile will not be the badge of a multi-millionaire.

A Perplexing Situation.

IN a Western State, says "Green Bag," a German was elected to the high and honorable office of Justice of the Peace. The old gentleman was naturally smart, and, being prosperous, was something of an oracle in the neighborhood; but law was a thing he knew as little about as most of his predecessors and successors of the J.P. genus. When his first case came on he listened with reasonable attention to the evidence, but with rapid interest to the arguments of counsel for both plaintiff and defendant. When the arguments were closed he appeared very ill at ease, and not until reminded that it was his duty to charge the jury did he offer any suggestion touching the case in hand. But he came up to the situation that confronted him like a man and a judge. "Gentlemen of der jury," he said, "as dis is mein first oberience in chargin' a jury, I hartly knows vat do say do you. But as eet is mein duty to charge you somedings I will do der best vat I knows how. Eef you pevees all vat der lawyer for der blainiff haf said, den I charge you dot eet is your duty to find your ferdict for der blainiff, and assess hees damages as you dink right, not do oxeet five hundert tollars and der costs, vich you must not vorged. But eef, on der odder hant, you pevees all vat der defendand's lawyer haf said, den eet ees your duty to find for der defendand. In dot case you vill shutt do id, and say nodings about it, oxecepting der costs, vich you moost not vorged. But, gentlemen, if on der odder hant, you are like me about dis matter, un't don't pevee a tam vord vat eider one off dem haf said, den I doan' know vat in der hell you are goin' ter do."

Maeterlinck to Visit America.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian dramatist, has announced that he will visit America for the first time next season, bringing with him his wife, Georgette Leblanc, and a company of French players, to present in the larger cities a series of his own plays. Among the plays will be "Monna Vanna," "Pelleas et Melisande" and a new work entitled "Joyzelle," that has just been finished and will be presented for the first time in Paris this spring. The company will make a tour of Europe before coming to America. Madame Maeterlinck was formerly a singer, of the style of Madame Calve, and won great success at the Opera Comique in Paris. At the time of the production of "Pelleas et Melisande" at the Opera Comique differences arose between the director and Maeterlinck, and at her husband's request Madame Maeterlinck retired from the operatic stage. She has since devoted herself to dramatic work, presenting her husband's plays exclusively. She is described as a beautiful woman, with a temperament that peculiarly fits her for the Maeterlinck line.

A Story of Queen Alexandra.

Lord Forester, in giving the health of the Royal Family, a few days ago, told a quaint anecdote of our charming Queen relating to their Majesties' recent visit to the Isle of Man. The Bishop of Sodor and Man lunched with them at Peel Castle, and after luncheon His Majesty invited the Bishop to smoke. His Lordship asked what the ladies would think of it, and the reply was a smile from Her Majesty, who added, "Let me get a light for you." She called her Indian servant, and the Queen after striking a match, handed it to the Bishop, with the remark, referring to the attendant who had brought it, "There is a light from the East for you."

Burns and Shakespeare.

Scotland is naturally proud of Robert Burns, whose birthday it celebrated a few days ago. It has not as yet claimed that Burns was as great a man as Shakespeare, but James Dewar of Belfast sends a claim for Burns that has an interest of its own. It is that more people pay an annual visit to the places associated with Burns than pay an annual visit to the places associated with Shakespeare. Here are the figures that Mr. Dewar supplies. They are for one year:

Shakespeare's Shrines.	
Shakespeare's House at Stratford	31,748
Shakespeare's Museum at Stratford	29,144
Shakespeare's Tomb in Stratford Church	25,731
Ann Hathaway's Cottage	13,652
Total	91,275
Burns's Shrines.	
Burns's Birthplace at Ayr	50,092
Burns's Monument on the banks of the Doon	66,158
Total	116,250

This shows, as Mr. Dewar proudly declares, that 24,975 more people did homage to Burns than did homage to Shakespeare by way of pilgrimages in the year.

The Latest Fad at New York Banquets.

The day of the expensive banquet "menu," with its costly hand-painting, engraving and decorating, has gone by. The elaboration of the banquet menu card had gone to such lengths by extravagance in recent years that no one would predict where it would end. Cheap imitations were devised, so that finally a good many diners began to favor something new and original. The Albany Society of New York, under the presidency of Hon. F. P. Olcott a few years ago, and largely through his liberality, led off a new departure by making the menu card a very simple affair and putting the surplus into handsome solid silver souvenirs, one of which was given to each diner. This substantial souvenir was so much more useful and permanent in character that President Stern of the Albany Society has continued the innovation begun by President Olcott and also introduced it at the recent dinner of the Republican Club of New York city, of which Mr. Stern is president. At the notable Lincoln banquet of this club, each diner received an expensive fob, decorated with a solid silver and gold-plated medal with a design and inscription appropriate to Lincoln's birthday. At the recent dinner of the New York Underwriters every diner received a solid silver match-box. The favor at the Albany Society banquet was a silver cigar-cutter. It is safe to say that this new feature of great banquets will not soon fall into disfavor, and that the day of the ridiculously expensive and superlatively over-decorated menu card has passed.

Society at the Capital.

AT present Ottawa society is living more in a state of expectancy of the gaieties that are to come rather than enjoying what is happening now, as this week will see an influx of members, senators, and strangers from all over Canada, with probably a fair sprinkling of visitors from the United States, who come for the session and its attendant pleasures. Three of the principal events of the season fall within the present week, viz., the Opening of Parliament on the 12th, the State dinner and reception on the same evening, and the Drawing-room on Saturday evening in the Senate chamber. At the last mentioned Lady Minto will wear her robes of state which she was to have worn at the King's coronation, but did not, on account of the King's illness and consequent postponement of that event. The Drawing-room is a very popular function with debutantes, the latter considering themselves much more successfully "come out" if they make their first appearance in public on that occasion, but it is, all the same, a very tiring ordeal, and not one that the ordinary mortal cares to go through more than once. There are to be a great many beautiful gowns at the Drawing-room this year, and as it is the last which will be held by His Excellency and Lady Minto there will probably be a larger crowd than usual.

Already a good many members have become domiciled in their different quarters, where they will probably be until late in the summer, as everything seems to indicate that this will be a long session. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Borden are quite settled at "The Sherbrooke," where they have been during several sessions. Senator Cox is, as usual, at the Russell, and Mr. Ernest Roy, M.P., and Mr. Ganong are also here in good time to get into trim for the hard work before them. Mr. Bruce and Mr. Barker of Hamilton have found very comfortable quarters with Mrs. Stark in Somerset street. Nowadays a great many members prefer taking apartments in private families to remaining at the Russell or other hotels, as so many did in former years, no doubt preferring the comforts of home life after the bustle and turmoil of the House. Among other visitors who will be in town for the session are Sir Charles and Lady Ross. Ottawa also has its quota of lady visitors for the gay week. Miss Thompson, daughter of Lady Thompson, is staying with Miss Mary Scott, and Miss Redellier des Isles, daughter of the Consul-General of France in Newfoundland, after having paid Mrs. Haycock a short visit, is now with Mrs. Henry McLeod—Mrs. McLeod invited several of the younger set to meet Miss des Isles at tea on Thursday, and a very jolly hour was spent. A very bright visitor from Toronto is Miss Gladys Nordheimer, who has come to spend a short time with Mrs. Louis K. Jones, Waverley street. Mrs. (Colonel) Turner has an "American" visitor, Miss Leonie Bronn of Waterbury, Conn., and Miss Hilda Marler, whose friends have been expecting her for some time past, arrived last week to spend some weeks with Miss Winifred Gormully, who gave a large and very enjoyable tea for her on Monday. Miss Evelyn Marler was also in Ottawa for a few days, having come up from Montreal to take part in the curling match between the ladies of the Montreal Curling Club and the gentlemen of the Rideau Curling Club. Others who came from Montreal for this game were Mrs. Lansing Lewis, Miss Porteous, Miss Ogilvie, Miss Sutherland and Miss Thompson. Great interest was taken in the match, as much for its novelty as for the sport, and His Excellency and a party from Government House, including Colonel and Mrs. Reade of the Royal Military College, Kingston, were there to watch it. Unfortunately the ladies did not come off victorious. It seemed a pity, after their being plucky enough to try their strength against the stronger sex, that they should be beaten. The rink was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the Rideau Curling Club is to be congratulated on the success of the reception they gave to the Montrealers, who, notwithstanding their defeat, went away delighted.

A great many of Ottawa's society people are departing just now for a warmer climate, to avoid the trying March winds and damp. Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Bate, with their daughters, Mrs. Alec Christie and Mrs. Lansing Lewis, left on Monday for Atlantic City, while Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, with Miss Mabel Richardson, have selected Hot Springs, Virginia, to spend this changeable month in. Others who have gone to the latter charming health resort are Mrs. E. J. Chamberlin, Mrs. E. Remon, Miss Thistle and Mrs. H. K. Egan, who made a charming traveling "partie carree."

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour are giving a dinner party on Tuesday evening, after which they will take their guests to see the hockey match for the Stanley Cup, which will certainly be a most exciting and interesting, and judging from the present state of the weather, probably the last, of the season. Mrs. Gilmour has a young English lady staying with her just now, Miss Helen Smith of London, England.

Teas still keep up their popularity for the larger portion of the gay world, and there have been several "crush" teas this week as well as numerous smaller ones. One given by Mrs. W. P. Anderson for her daughter-in-law, the bride, Mrs. Beaumont Anderson, in the earlier part of the week, was a very large affair and most enjoyable. Mrs. J. C. Brennan of Cliff street entertained on two days in succession—the first day, Thursday, receiving her own friends, the married ladies, and on Friday entertaining the younger members of society in honor of her niece, Miss Millicent Brennan, who has recently returned from Paris, and who wore a beautiful Parisian gown of very pale grey with a large grey net covered with feathers. On both occasions the decorations were composed of marguerites and ferns, the delicate green and white being quite a relief after having all winter seen so many of the brighter-hued flowers. Smaller teas have taken place nearly every day, as well as luncheons, a series of the latter having been given by Mrs. Gerald Bate, who enjoys the reputation of being one of the most popular luncheon hostesses in Ottawa.

A very recherche luncheon of eight was given by Mrs. Toller of Chapel street on Thursday, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Grace of Toronto, at which the table was especially pretty, the decorations being of jonquils and yellow ribbons. A visitor who has been compelled by misfortune to prolong his stay in Ottawa is Captain Laybourne, R.C.M., who had a rather bad fall at the Rideau Rink at Lady Cartwright's skating-party last Monday and injured his knee so badly that he will not be able to walk for some time. It is hoped, however, that, barring the confinement, he will not be sorry to remain.

Many old friends and parishioners of Rev. Dr. Gordon, now of Queen's University, Kingston, were delighted to welcome him back to Ottawa for a brief visit, and many availed themselves of the opportunity of shaking hands with him at a reception given for him at Sir Sandford Fleming's on Saturday last. Dr. Gordon preached at both services at St. Andrew's on Sunday, and the church was crowded.

THE CHAPERONE.

Tainted Gold.

THE first rob men of their own and then return it as a gift is the mere semblance of virtue. This is the thing Christ pronounces impossible in the kingdom of Heaven. "Tory Socialism" is no new thing in the world, and yet we are entering on it with a glad spirit, as if it were a fresh-found virtue to steal a man's heritage and then fling to him the waste of it, as one gives parings to a dog. It is quite easy to "serve two masters, if one is the head of a divinity school. Christ must have overlooked divinity schools in saying it can not be done. You have only to take the money of the devil and employ it in extending your own version of the precepts of our Lord, and you are sound with both.

A man never touches money, receives it or gives it, without imparting character to it. "Thy money," said Peter, "perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." The chief priests and elders, when Judas repented himself and brought again the thirty pieces of silver, would not put them into the treasury of the Temple, because they were the price of blood, but bought with them the Potter's Field. Our elders can do better than that. Even before Judas hints of repentance they can wash their hands of his transgressions, saying, "What is that to us? See thou to that," and then cast the millions gained into—is it blasphemy or is it wisdom to call it—"the treasury of God?" That is the best thing we can do with it, say these our elders. We have no need of a Potter's Field. Yet every large city has a Potter's Field, and a Potter's Field kept crowded by the un-Christian methods of our commercial life. It may well be doubted whether money is ever more completely wasted than when it is used to gild transgression.—Prof. John Bascom in the "Independent."

The First Essential.

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Anecdotal.
John P. Jones of Nevada, the father of the United States Senate, was approached during the recent session by a young politician who had made his maiden speech in Congress, and who wanted to know what Senator Jones thought of the effort. "Young man," said the senator, "you've got a d—n good vocabulary, and if you'll take my advice you won't make any more speeches until you have cultivated your intellect up to it."

Abraham Lincoln had a rule for evading difficulties. At a cabinet meeting one day, it is related, Mr. Seward jokingly remarked: "Mr. President, I hear that you turned out for a colored woman on a muddy crossing the other day." "I don't remember," answered Lincoln, musingly, "but I think it very likely. I have always made it a rule that if people won't turn out for me, I will for them. If I didn't, there might be a collision."

Two young attorneys were trying a case before an old justice of the peace out west. After the arguments had followed the testimony of the witnesses and the case was closed, the old fellow, awakening from deep reveries into which he had fallen, said, addressing one of the lawyers: "You know, Hank, I gave you the decision in the last two cases, so I will give this one to Tom. You can't expect to get them all."

In his recent book on "China and the Chinese," Dr. Giles tells of a very stingy Chinaman who took a paltry sum of money to an artist—payment is always exacted in advance—and asked him to paint his portrait. The artist at once complied with the request, but when the portrait was finished nothing was visible save the back of the sitter's head. "What does this mean?" cried the artist, indignantly. "Well," replied the artist, "I thought a man who paid so little as you paid wouldn't care to show his face."

Henry Ward Beecher was amused when he went into a Bowery restaurant on one occasion and heard the waiter give such orders to the cook as "Ham and—Sinks and cow," etc. "Watch me faze that waiter with an order which I believe he won't abbreviate," remarked Beecher at length as the waiter approached. Then he said: "Give us poached eggs on toast for two, with the yokes broken." But the waiter, who was equal to the emergency, walked to the end of the room and yelled: "Adam and Eve on a raft. Wreck 'em." It is related that Dr. Beecher nearly fainted.

Soon after Dr. Temple was appointed Bishop of Exeter he visited one of the churches in his diocese for a confirmation. He stopped at the rectory over

night. The eldest girl, who was just old enough to come down to dinner, was an active, capable girl, and of great assistance to her mother. During the meal the latter spoke proudly of her daughter's usefulness in the parish. "Wherever I go," observed Dr. Temple, "I find a rector, a director," indicating the mother, "and a mis-director," indicating the daughter. "And when your Lordship comes," retorted the mother, with profound obeisance, "we have a co-rector!" "Well thrust!" returned Dr. Temple, with a hearty laugh.

A young and enthusiastic reporter went to see Senator Quay a few nights ago about some phase of Pennsylvania politics. He found the senator reading in his library. There was some general conversation. Just as the reporter was ready to spring his first question Senator Quay asked: "Do you like to play poker?" "Sometimes I play," the reporter confessed. "Well," said the senator, "then you'll like this little poker story by Eugene Ware. I think it is one of the best I have seen." He handed the book to the reporter, who, out of politeness, read a page. "Ah!" said the senator, "I see you are interested. Take the book along and read it at your leisure. Good evening." When the dazed reporter got outside he looked more closely at the "little" poker story by Ware. It was fifty-nine pages long.

Charles H. E. Brookfield says he was in Stevenson's company at the moment when the germ of the idea of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was conceived. Stevenson was inveighing against a man with whom he had done business, and with whose methods he was dissatisfied. The man's name was Samuel Creggan, or something like it. "He is a man who trades on the Samuel," Stevenson declared in his rather finicky, musical Scotch voice. "He receives you with Samuel's smile on his face; with the gesture of Samuel he invites you into a chair; with Samuel's eyes cast down in self-deprecation he tells you how well satisfied his clients have always been with his dealings; but every now and then you catch a glimpse of the Creggan peeping out like a white ferret. Creggan is the real man; Samuel's only superficial."

An Englishman was traveling from London to Edinburgh in a first-class compartment, which he was fortunate in having all to himself. In the bliss of perfect privacy he had spread his belongings out all over the carriage. Just as the train was leaving the station at Newcastle, a big, broad-shouldered drover, panting hard after a race to the station, opened the carriage door and jumped in. He flopped down on the seat opposite to the Englishman, and immediately, feeling that there was something between him and the cushion, pulled out from under him a silk hat crushed flat. "I'm sure," said the Englishman, "you might have been a little more careful! You might have looked before you sat down." "Ay, I'm sure," said the drover, "but I'm sure, but I might ha' been waur!" "How could it possibly have been worse?" retorted the Englishman. "It might ha' been ma ain hat!" was the reply.

Booker Washington tells this characteristic story of one of his countrymen: "I called an old negro farmer into my office and explained to him in detail how he could make thirty dollars an acre on his land if he would plant a portion of it in sweet potatoes; whereas, if he planted cotton, as he had been doing for years, at best he could only make fifteen dollars an acre. As I explained the difference, step by step, he agreed with me at every point, and when I came near to the end of my argument I began to congratulate myself that I had converted at least one man from the one-crop system to better methods. Finally, with what I fear was the air of one who felt that he had won his case, I asked the farmer what he was going to cultivate on his land the coming year. The old fellow scratched his head and said that, as he was getting old and had been growing cotton all his life, he reckoned he would grow it to the end of his few remaining years, although he agreed with me that he could double the product of his land by planting sweet potatoes on it."

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Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectively clears and improves the complexion; it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

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All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant-tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Lady Gay's Column

On Gesture. Old Ideas and New. About Rubbish.

WHAT is your favorite gesture? You have one, you know. Everyone has, just as each one has a little turn of speech peculiarly his own. The "do you know?" and "don't you know?" and simply "you know" and "you see" are some of these; and the gestures, how one recalls them on mention of certain persons! There is the bland merchant who always stoops a little toward you, and wags his hands in invisible water as he begs you to be seated; there is the genius who tosses his head, jerking back a long lock that strays too low on his forehead, and the deliberate lawyer who rubs his nose slowly with his forefinger, and the student who takes his thin chin in his thin hand, and the single tax advocate who points a shaking digit at you till you feel as nervous as if it were loaded, and the awful woman who gives you a playful push or a pinch or a dig, and the equally awful man who lays a heavy paw upon your shoulder or scoops you along with a too ready helping hand. I know a woman who cannot tax her memory to reproduce anything until she has first laid her left forefinger on her lips and kept it there while she searches her records. Quite a few women show great impatience or annoyance by sharply tapping the toe or drumming with the fingers. The shrug isn't so favorite a gesture hereabouts as in Lower Canada, and the wave of the hand with farewell, though a beneficent and graceful gesture, is confined to sundry old beaux. There is a peculiar little vulgarizing of this gesture which one sees among young folks who are not carefully trained, a sort of waving up and down of the fingers from a rigid wrist. It has a suspicion of sportiness, this little gesture, and suggests the "tra-la-la" style. You know the leisurely prosy sort of old man who puts his finger-tips together and spreads his fingers wide, and the comfortable old lady who lets her hands lie, with the fingers half-curlled, in her capacious lap, and the nervous man who rumples his hair with quick rubs, and the placid one who fondles his moustache. If you watch yourself for a day or two I fancy you will discover your own favorite trick of hand or head or shoulder or foot or brow. Ten to one your friends would shout it at you if you asked them, for we seldom "see ourselves as others see us."

All last week one was meeting persons who were bent on getting an opinion on the old morality play, "Everyman," which held the boards at the Princess. The further the time at which I think of it from the time I saw it the better I am able to dwell upon it. While it was being acted I was much disturbed by the thoughts it suggested to view it calmly. Of course, as a reproduction of a phase in the development of the drama it was interesting. Its grotesque irreverence was the queerest thing about it, being so apparently unconscious; and its curious commercialism in spiritual matters a hint of possible abuses such as followed the period of its actual original presentation. The account book, with its great debt against humanity, and the quite pro quo of it all, makes one wonder if men and women had really ever such ideas of their standing and resources. In contrast to this queer and trying representation of a soul brought to bay and agonizing in sudden terror and conscious sin, I have just been reading Lillian Whiting's beautiful essay on "The Incident of Death." In it she says: "There is perhaps no greater barrier to living the higher life, now and here, than the traditional idea of going to heaven after the change called death. But that spiritual state of harmony and holiness which we call heaven must be begun this side of death to be continued on the other. It is an achievement, not an attainment. To live in heaven before we die, we must live in heaven before we die." And she quotes Kant's terse utterance: "The other world is not another place, but another view." It seems to me that such notion of a future appears more strongly than the orthodox material conglomeration of ease and noise and transports of ecstasy. I was listening to a mother telling an interested little child that the angels played on harps and "casted down their golden crowns," and after she finished the little one shook her head. "I dess I won't do that," she said. "I dess I'll just snuggle up close to God and keep quiet!" Which is, after all, a much more tempting idea of blessedness than one can get out of many a grown-up mind.

To-day I got a letter from some unknown correspondent asking, "How can I become a conversationalist? I do not like to talk agreeably and sensibly, but I find no one seeming to care for anything but gossip or flippant chaff and foolish personalities." Charming conversationalists are rare, because the qualities which make them are the same—sympathy, tact, deftness and pliability, composure and clarity, some humor and some patience, imagination, a dramatic instinct, much good-will and quick perception, "the charm of the touch and go." Someone adds, and last (please don't think this an error), a good deal of practical knowledge. For perhaps the most fascinating conversations are speculative, theorizing, and not at all conclusive or dogmatic, an encounter of wits, a comment on events, records of impressions, the means whereby suggestion, insight, new viewpoints are obtained. "Conversation is direct personal revelation." Now, you see that you must have in you something worth bringing out, if it be only a gem in single setting, to be a good conversationalist. They are generally born, but may, with patience and care, be made, these people of whom one says, "I love to talk with them." Now, my correspondent may think out his chances.

The other day we were sorting out a great accumulation of goods and chattels. It's wonderful how things get piled up and stowed away, is it not? Even in less than three years I have boxes by the half-dozen full of odds and ends that shall probably never put to any use. We sorted and sorted, and deliberated and discussed, and at last she rose, with a twinkle in her eye that meant mischief. "Do you know what I'm going to do?" she said hardily. "That old trunk is simply an encumbrance. I am going to dump every bit of this trash into it and put it out in the lane. Don't gaze

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

The New "Dorothy Dodd" Footwear for Women

Winsome, shapely styles, and twenty-one models to choose from. Think what a choice this means—and then with all their grace and beauty. "DOROTHY DODD" shoes are the most comfortable that a woman can wear—and why?

Because the shoes are built upon scientific lines. The "arch support" alone makes them the superior of any other shoe ever produced. Now think for a moment—what feature did you always find to be the worst about your shoes? Was it not that the shank or curved arch of the sole flattened out completely after you'd worn them a short time? Of course it was, and as a natural result you had to contend with clumsy-looking dowdy footwear. "Dorothy Dodd" has changed such conditions. Visit our shoe section that we may have the pleasure of demonstrating the good points of "Dorothy Dodd" shoes to you.

Price \$3.75 pair.

A few special models are \$4.00

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. 10 to 16 Colborne St. Toronto.

at me! We've wasted an hour sorting these silly rags and jags, when we might have been taking a walk, a skate or a drive on this lovely day." So with a gasp, I helped her pile in the half-worn gloves, the fringed silk petticoats, the lace barbes and the chiffon frills. There were shoes and slippers and lots of pretty faded garments, and when the old trunk was quite full we called for a maid to help send it down the back stairway. "Tie the key to it, Jane, and put it out in the lane," said she, and Jane, in much puzzlement, did so. It may have been half an hour later as we walked out in the sunshine that we met an old ragman perched on the trunk in his wagon, and she said: "Only think, my dear, that was the trunk I took my trousseau in on my honeymoon. Somehow, it was a shame to pitch it into the lane! But I am glad to get clear of all that's in it, and of the dread most women feel of throwing away such encumbrances." And I thought a bit whether our lives are not cluttered up too much with less material rubbish in the way of threadbare emotions, out-of-date beliefs, faded hopes and ragged promises, which we might as well forgo hoarding any longer? And where are the trunk and the lane and the ragman for a soul's rubbish?

LADY GAY.

Were I Her Violin.

Lillian, in art excellent,
Gently sweeps the fiddle strings,
And the slumbering genius dwelling,
Dwelling in the violin.
Murmuring, wakes, and stirs within,
And in voice exulting, swelling,
All its passion-story telling,
Answers to her touch, and sings.

Just in such wise would I confess
My worship and my tenderness—
Clasped close beneath my lady's chin—
Were I her lucky violin.
—Frank H. Hamilton in the "Philharmonie."

Managing Editor—What is your specialty? Applicant (haughtily)—I have



A prominent Southern lady, Mrs. Blanchard, of Nashville, Tenn., tells how she was cured of backache, dizziness, painful and irregular periods by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Gratitude compels me to acknowledge the great merit of your Vegetable Compound. I have suffered for four years with irregular and painful menstruation, also dizziness, pains in the back and lower limbs, a fitful sleep. I dreaded the time to come which would only mean suffering to me. Six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me health and happiness in a few short months, and was worth more than months under the doctor's care, which really did not benefit me at all. I feel like another person now. My aches and pains have left me. I am satisfied there is no medicine so good for sick women as your Vegetable Compound, and I advocate it to my lady friends in need of medical help."—Mrs. B. A. BLANCHARD, 423 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When women are troubled with menstrual irregularities, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

just graduated from college. "Well, you might accept the position of editor-in-chief until some of your knowledge wears off."—"Life."

Weak Lungs.

Made Sound and Strong by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Weak lungs mean weak health, continual coughs and colds—touches of grip and bronchitis, then deadly pneumonia or lingering, hopeless consumption. Weak lungs are due to weak blood. The one sure way to strengthen weak lungs is to build up your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose makes rich, red blood, and every drop of rich, red blood adds strength, vigor and disease-resisting power to weak lungs. Thousands of weak-lunged, narrow-chested men and women have been made sound, healthy and happy by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—and they will do the same for you. Mrs. J. D. Naismith, Winnipeg, Man., says: "I contracted a severe cold, which developed into bronchitis and lung trouble. The best of doctors and many different kinds of medicine failed to help me, and my friends all thought I was going into rapid consumption. I had no appetite, was forced to take to bed, and felt that only death would release me. My brother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to please him I began them. A few boxes proved they were helping me, and I began to get real strength. I continued the use of the pills and was soon able to leave my bed and sit up. I grew stronger day by day. The cough that had racked me almost beyond endurance disappeared, my appetite returned, and I am again strong and healthy, much to the surprise of all who saw me while I was ill. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me after other medicines failed, and I shall always praise them."

Bear in mind that substitutes and ordinary medicines will not cure. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

The Fear of Being Thought Prim.

Commenting on the subject "Is Society Worse Than It Was in England," Gwendolen Ramsden says in the "Nineteenth Century": "If there be reason to think that society is deteriorating rather than improving, it is not owing to the bad influence of a few among the aristocracy, who, by their conduct, have extinguished the respect hitherto accorded to their old family names, but rather to the apathy of some, and the timidity amounting to cowardice of others, belonging to that vast majority of respectable people who condone conduct which in their hearts of hearts they condemn. They ought to be the example, but they have never realized their responsibilities. With some the dread of being considered strait-laced or prim is far greater than the fear of evil. Virtuous themselves, they yet know and believe all the evil gossip about others from whom they readily accept invitations and benefits. They allow gambling to go on in their houses, for they have not the pluck to forbid games of cards being played for money. Idle people are encouraged by them to play 'bridge,' not merely as a recreation in the evening, but as the business of the day, beginning after luncheon and continuing throughout the

night. In entertaining their friends and acquaintances, so anxious are they to be popular and please those who are the fashion of the day, that they encourage flirtations among married people, and would sooner think of leaving out the husbands than of not including in their invitations the well-known admirers of their guests."

Advice to Young Writers.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says in his reminiscences: "I think nothing is more sure to drive an office editor crazy than to have some young enthusiast say, 'I threw this off last night,' or 'I send you fresh from the pen' this or that. People who print magazines for a million readers do not want to give them that which has been thrown off. It is much better to send them something which has seasoned in the back of your table drawer for one, two or three years."

"Say, our backbones are like serial stories, aren't they?" "Prove it." "Continued in our necks."—Harvard "Lampoon."



Baby enjoys his bath
all the more, and his sleep is the sweeter, when you use
BABY'S OWN SOAP
It softens and soothes all skin irritations, keeping it healthy and free from
Don't use imitations on Baby.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS.
MONTREAL

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Here and there is a grocer who doesn't sell Windsor Salt, but such cases are rare. No grocer anywhere can possibly buy a better salt than "Windsor," in its great purity, whiteness, dryness. Ask your grocer why he doesn't sell it.

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Best grocers sell it

For Lenten Correspondence

there's no notepaper so suitable as our dainty new lines. All the latest and most correct shades, shapes and sizes.

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We guarantee our work to be fully equal to the finest London and New York engravers'. Inspection invited.

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Poor Lo Snatched Baldheaded.

DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, who has recently discovered a number of new varieties of fish in the streams of Hawaii and the Philippines, is a great sportsman as well as a conscientious ichthyologist. As might be expected, he uses the most approved of modern rods and flies in fishing.

"I have met some fishermen, even among professional sportsmen, who prefer old-fashioned methods," said Dr. Jordan, "and though the ancient story of the farmer's boy who catches fish with a bent pin fastened to a piece of twine where full-rigged sports from the city fail to get a bite borders on the mythical, I have actually witnessed instances of success with back-number outfits where modern appliances failed to land the game."

"One day in California I had had a remarkable run of luck, and that night as we sat around the camp-fire I took occasion to say that my success was due to the superior tie of flies I had used."

"You may flatter yourself on the string you've brought in to-day," said an old fisherman who had joined our party, "but let me tell you, doctor, that I saw a Digger Indian catch more fish in an hour in this stream than you've landed all day with your fine flies."

"What bait did he use?" I asked.

"Live grasshoppers," replied the old man, "but he didn't impale them. From his head he would stoically pluck a hair and with it bind the struggling insect to the hook. Almost upon the instant that this bait struck the water a fish would leap for it. After landing him the Indian would calmly repeat the performance of snatching a hair from his head and affixing a fresh grasshopper to the hook."

"I became fascinated," continued the narrator. "After the Indian had landed in quick succession a mighty string of salmon trout he suddenly stopped. I called to him to go on with the exciting sport, but he merely smiled grimly and pointed significantly to his head."

"What was the matter with his head?" I asked, said Dr. Jordan.

"He had plucked it bald," replied the old man.

Some Letters of Recommendation.

THE bearer of this has been my husband now for several years, and is only leaving me because we both feel the need of a change. He is willing and obliging, a first-rate man about the house, runs errands and carries bundles cheerfully, never kicks about expenses, and is used to one night out a week. I can cordially recommend him to anyone looking for a good, durable article.

Mrs. A. Tongue.

The young lady who bears this I have loved passionately for some time, and she is leaving me now only because I cannot afford to have her any longer. She is easily loved and responds readily to caresses. She is very fond of flowers and candy, and expects regular supplies. She likes to go to the theater and eat anything on the bill of fare. Anyone who wishes to be passionately loved and broke at the same time will find her up to all the requirements.

Theodore Stuffer.

The bearer of this has been in our employ for more than a year, as conductor, and has given complete satisfaction. During that time he was never known to stop a car at the right corner, or to speak a civil word to a passenger. We are sorry to lose him.

Street Railway Company.

The bearer of this has been my typewriter for two years past, and only leaves me at my wife's urgent request. She has a kind, gentle and loving disposition, and is a most desirable companion. She enjoys the theater very much, and is fond of long drives. I shall miss her.

Sledge Skate.

His Confession.

Maurice Best admits that he owes his life to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"A man's health depends upon his stomach," like many another ancient adage, this one has more than a grain of truth in it. The stomach feeds the blood and the blood carries the food to all parts of the body. Therefore if the stomach is in good shape the body will be thoroughly fed.

But another important matter must be attended to. The blood, as well as carrying the food to the muscles, carries off the waste material, and the kidneys remove that waste material from the blood. Therefore, to ensure the perfect working of the system the two most important organs to keep in order are the stomach and the kidneys.

And to do this is easy with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and Dodd's Kidney Pills on sale at every dealer's. They work on the parts affected separately and together and the results obtained are almost miraculous. Listen to what they did for Maurice Best of Southern Harbor, Newfoundland.

"I suffered for eight years from Dyspepsia," writes Mr. Best. "I was in continual misery. I would go off in a faint and for ten or fifteen minutes I would be more dead than alive. Doctors tried and could not cure me. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets made me feel like a new man. I confess I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

Edison's Way of Working.

Thomas A. Edison is said never to read a book, outside of his technical reading, unless it is mentioned to him by his wife or some friend. Then he sits down and reads until he has finished it. One evening, says the New York "Times," he happened to be unusually engrossed with some "problems" and was nervously pacing up and down his library.

To divert his thoughts his wife came in and picked up the first book she saw. It happened to be "The Count of Monte Cristo."

"Have you ever read this story?" said Mrs. Edison to her husband.

He stopped and looked at the title.

"No, I never have. Is it good?"

Mrs. Edison assured him that it was.

"All right. I guess I'll read it now," and within two minutes the "problem," whatever it was, had been forgotten, and he was absorbed in Dumas' great story. As he finished the book he noticed the

light of day peeping in, and on looking at his watch found it was five o'clock in the morning.

No sooner had he laid down the book than the forgotten "problem" jumped into his mind, and, putting on his hat, he went to his laboratory and worked unceasingly, without food or sleep, for thirty-six hours.

Free-Gratis-For Nothing

YOU CANNOT LONG FOOL A WOMAN.

When the white man wants the black man's land he approaches the innocent black with "presents" of beads, colored cloths, ribbons, and other useless trinkets that catch the eye of the poor black—but that are no earthly use to him. These are all "gifts—free—gratis—for nothing! I!" We all know who soon owns the black man's land.

Yet this system of conciliating the innocent is not practiced alone on the negro. How many women read that they can get a certain "present" with a certain purchase and forthwith they make the purchase to get the "present"—free—gratis—for nothing!!! The present may or may not be useful—but in this twentieth century are there those who believe they have not in the purchase paid for and often dearly paid for the "present"?

When you want a horse you cannot buy his teeth at ten cents a tooth, and get the horse thrown into the bargain.

When you buy a dress you do not buy the buttons, and have the dress thrown in.

And no more than you can thus get the present of a horse or a dress can you get a "present"—free—gratis—for nothing—of diamonds, gold, jewellery, and cutlery, with the purchase of a bar of common soap.

When you buy Sunlight Soap you are presented with pure quality in the soap itself. You do not pay for loading refuse at the price of soap. You don't wear out your clothes in half the time, and ruin your hands with Sunlight Soap, as with common soap.

If you want soap, buy Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—and you have paid for nothing but pure soap. If you want something else than soap, buy it independently of the soap, and you know what it has cost you.

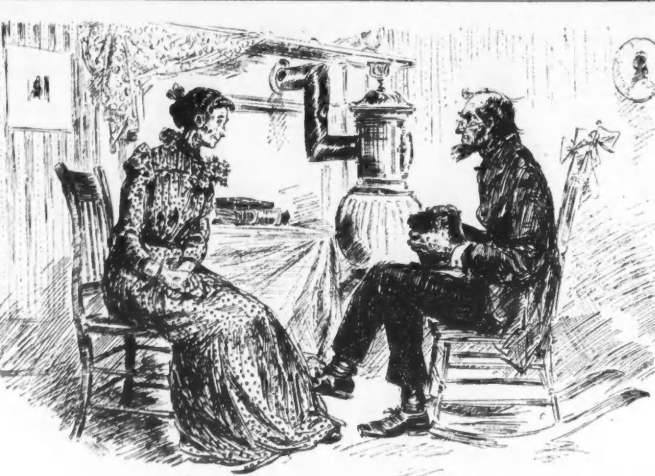
"You may fool some people all the time; You may fool all the people some of the time; You cannot fool all the people all the time."

Roosevelt's Social Display.

IN discussing the story that Colonel Bingham, for six years superintendent of public buildings and grounds, had been ordered to duty at Buffalo because he did not approve the costly improvements at the White House and had refused to certify certain vouchers for parts of the work, Representative Cochran of Missouri (Dem.), said he could not close his eyes to the fact that the tendency to extravagance in official circles in Washington was an unmitigated evil. The desire to imitate the courts of Europe was so great that it was impossible to discern the difference between the functions here and in foreign courts. How often was it heard that this or that official could not live upon the salary provided for his office, although that salary was greater than in Civil War times, while the purchasing power of the money was vastly increased. Official and social life in Washington fifty years ago, Mr. Cochran said, afforded the best example of culture and the highest refinement in the history of the government. The President's reception forty years ago, he said, consisted in throwing open the doors of the White House to all who desired to come, but that, he admitted, was impossible now. But, in his opinion, it was an evil thing to contemplate that men of modest means could not accept places on the bench or in the departments because they could not afford to buy the luxuries of richer people. Representative Cannon of Illinois (Rep.), on the other hand, pool-pooled the idea that the President was aping the manners of European rulers, and those about him the customs of European courts. He told of an Englishman, who had never been presented to his own sovereign, and who came to Washington with a very strong desire to see the President, but said he could only spend ten days in Washington. Mr. Cannon arranged for the presentation, and the introduction was over in fifteen minutes. "I do not think we are in any danger," he concluded, "from putting on frills. We are getting along very well."

The New York "Sun's" Washington correspondent, in commenting on these alleged White House extravaganzas, remarks: "The President of the United States receives a salary of fifty thousand a year, and this amount seems large or small to the people of the country, according to the point of view. It is commonly believed that President Cleveland and President Harrison, and in lesser degree President McKinley, saved a considerable part of their annual salaries. President Roosevelt has, beyond question, surpassed all his predecessors in the magnitude and number of his entertainments. When Chester A. Arthur occupied the White House he surprised the people with the lavishness of his entertaining. This was especially marked when he entertained at dinner at different times in the course of one winter the whole Congress, comprising more than four hundred men, besides many other guests invited with them. But President Roosevelt has been almost as lavish in his entertainment of senators and members of Congress, and he has entertained other guests in a much larger number than any other President."

As to the expenses of the White House borne by the President and the Government, the "Sun's" correspondent says: "The President pays a much larger proportion than is commonly supposed. The first large expense incurred by a President when he comes into office is an outlay of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 for horses and carriages. The Government provides no horse or vehicle for the President's use, although there is an impression to the contrary. This impression is a natural one, for the Government does furnish two horses and a carriage for the use of each member of the Cabinet. The executive departments have each one horse and carriage at the expense of the Government, and more than one bureau chief



Miss Jones (to Mr. Brown, who has survived three wives)—They must get kind of mixed up in heaven with so many Mrs. Browns about. Mr. Brown—Oh, no, I calculate not. You see, now they're all different shades of Brown.

has a horse and carriage free of cost. The President pays his own servants almost without exception. The President, of course, pays all the bills for groceries, meats, and other provisions used in the White House. The china, table linen, and all accessories of the kitchen and dining-room equipment are provided by the Government, and always have been, just as the furniture for the parlors and sleeping-rooms is provided."

The expenses of a President, especially if he has a large family, as Mr. Roosevelt has, are naturally very heavy, for it is necessary for him to meet many expenses that a private citizen does not incur. "This," concludes the "Sun" correspondent, "leaves out of consideration altogether the expensive state entertainments. Scarcely an additional dollar of extra expenditure is incurred by the Government when the President gives a large state dinner, reception, musicale, or other form of entertainment. In the case of a very large dinner the arrangements are usually placed in the hands of a professional caterer, and the conditions, so far as expense is concerned, are not very much different from those which obtain when a private citizen of means gives a large dinner at a fashionable hotel. The bill for the entertainment is made out, in some cases at so much per plate, due allowance being made for cooking, which is done at the White House, and certain provisions which the White House store-rooms afford. At the great state dinners, however, a good deal of the food, especially in the way of desserts, is brought by the caterers, and the bill is never a moderate one. The President also pays a large number of extra waiters and kitchen help. It is probable that a state dinner, where seventy or eighty guests are entertained, costs the President from \$500 to \$800."

Low Rates to the West.

One way excursion tickets will be sold during March and April to points in Montana, Colorado, Utah, Washington and British Columbia at from \$34 to \$44 from Toronto; proportionate rates from other points. The Grand Trunk has three fast trains to Chicago daily, leaving Toronto at 7:25 a.m., 4:50 p.m. and 11:20 p.m., connecting with all lines west. Folders, maps, tickets, and all information on application at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

A Change Coming.

Reporter—You are your own manager, are you not?

Actor—I am, just at present, but my wife is coming back from Europe next week.—March "Smart Set."

Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody.

Wife (calmly)—Order is heaven's first law.—New York Weekly.

According to Mr. Bernard Shaw, "Bobby" is slang, and "policeman" is simply a vulgar Latinisation. "Copper" however, he deems excellent Saxon for describing a man who pursues and captures.

Teacher—What is a farm? Bright Little Girl—A piece of land entirely covered by a mortgage.—Detroit "Free Press."



Indigestion

and nervousness are often the result of hurried meals.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

stimulates and tones the digestive organs enabling the stomach to digest perfectly.

Those who suffer will find Abbey's Salt a perfect corrective of all stomach disorders. Dyspepsia cannot be cured by doctoring the effect. Abbey's Salt removes the causes by enabling the stomach to do its work properly.—A mild laxative.

At all druggists.

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of Delicious "SALADA" Ceylon Tea (Black, Mixed or Natural Green) will be sent to any person filling in this coupon and sending it to us with a 2-cent stamp for postage. Write plainly and mention Black, Mixed or Natural Green.

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WHOOPING COUGH

yields to the curative properties of

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

—In successful use for over 28 years.—
Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE, HULL, ENGLAND.
At all druggists, price 35 cents and 75 cents.

"I have used your Lung Tonic for seven years, and always with satisfactory results. Half a bottle cures my children of the worst cold and cough." Mrs. Dawkes, Onley, Bucks.

"DARTING" 'LANOLINE'

Natural Toilet Preparations.



"DARTING" TOILET 'LANOLINE' in small and large collapsible tubes. Makes rough skins smooth and protects delicate complexions from the effects of wind and sun. 'DARTING' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP is unequalled for cleansing and keeping the skin supple. It never irritates.

Wholesale: 67, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Carling's Ale

A Beverage of Quality

"The ale that's always good."



Those who have once enjoyed its juiciness and flavor will never accept any but

CLARK'S COOKED LUNCH TONGUE.

If you eat PORK and BEANS be sure and get CLARK'S they're delicious.

W. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.

fussing over what may happen, but by being ready to meet anything, good or bad, with courage and composure.

Had R.—Your writing is scarcely formed enough to criticize. It has a good many weak points, but (to be Irish) none of them is lack of strength. You are a bit careless and have "bad spells." You have enterprise, energy and a good deal of self-reliance, not easily influenced, and very emphatic on certain lines. I can't do much for you.

A Good Gas Mantle too.

Incandescent gas lights save you money, more light and less gas. Lights complete from 35c up. A good gas mantle for 10c each. G. & J. Murray, 224 Yonge street.

A Delicate Hint.

He was a well-meaning young man. He had a way, however, of standing by the side of a piano and rolling his eyes at the chandelier, while unsweet noises gurgled from his throat. Friends were too kind to suggest to him that his efforts were other than melodious. Such is the patient charity of this much-maligned world.

The man with iron-gray side whiskers and an eagle eye showed signs of over-tested endurance.

It was his daughter who was playing



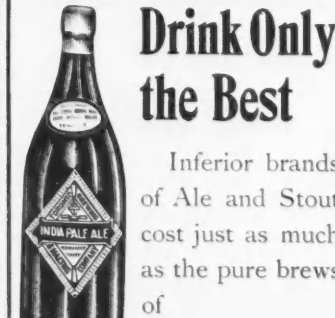
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accompaniments, and it was his gas they were burning.

"Did I understand you to say that you were going to sing 'Far Away'?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Why, now."

The questioner took out his watch and said:

"Well, I'm afraid you haven't much time to spare. The next train goes in less than three-quarters of an hour, and you'll have to start for the far away right away, if you're going to sing there before the week is out. Good-by, I hate to have you cut your visit short, but I wouldn't have those folks in the far away disappointed for anything!" —"Pick-Me-Up."



It was a large and generously appreciative audience that attended the concert of the Carlton Choir in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week, and Mr. Sherlock, the director, must have been much gratified with the reception of the programme. The personnel of the choir is practically the same as that of the Carlton Street Methodist Church, who have won a wide reputation for the excellence of their musical services. The selections for the choir were of a pleasing order, free from heaviness or obscurity. The ensemble was most praiseworthy, especially in regard to musical quality of tone, intonation and attack. Barnby's lullaby, "Sweet and Low," was sung with rich softness, and was also shaded with considerable delicacy. The women singers distinguished themselves in Neidlinger's lullaby, "Rock-a-Bye." One was grateful to the choir for introducing the "Market Chorus" from "Masaniello," an excerpt which, although so popular and taking in Europe, has seldom or never been heard in this city. The orchestra was, of course, missed in the delightful melodious accompaniment, but the choral part was sung with spirit, and only lacked a little brisker tempo to give the music the appropriate character. Other numbers that may be mentioned as showing the choir to advantage were Stewart's setting of "The Cruikshank" and Leslie's setting of "Scots Wha Hae." The assisting talent included the Sherlock Male Quartette, who rendered with well-blended tone and distinction style Dudley Buck's serenade, "In Absence," and a comic setting of "Mary Had a Little Lamb," which provoked much laughter; the Conservatory String Quartette, who played with their accustomed finish Beethoven's quartette, op. 18, in C minor (two movements); and Schubert's quartette in D minor (the Andante and Scherzo); Mr. Owen A. Smiley, who won a triumph in a selection of recitations, one of which, written by himself, "Forty Years Ago," with accompaniment ("bouche fermee") by the choir, delighted the audience; and Mr. H. Ruthven Macdonald, who gave two solos in his happiest manner, and also sang with Mr. Sherlock in a duet by Gabassi.

Mrs. Olive Filan of Hamilton, known as Dorothy Hunting, has succeeded Marguerite Sylva as leading lady of the "Strollers" Company. Miss Sylva has had to retire for the present on account of illness.

The success of De Koven and Smith's opera "Robin Hood" in the United States and Canada has been remarkable. The first performance was given at the Chicago Opera House, June 9, 1890. The authors then offered to surrender their rights for a lump sum of \$1,500, but the Bostonians Company were dubious as to the success of the opera, and agreed to pay five per cent. royalty. The result has been that they have had to pay \$150,000. This does not include royalties for the past month. "Robin Hood" has been given, in all, 2,675 times in the United States and Canada. Many members of the original company have appeared in the piece 1,951 times. The gross receipts up to a month ago amounted to \$2,545,420. The veteran Barnabe has only missed thirty performances. The opera was produced in London, England, under the title of "Maid Marian," but failed to make a hit.

Mr. Chrystal Brown has been engaged to sing the tenor solo part of Stainer's "Crucifixion," which will be produced at London, Ont., on the 31st inst. and the afternoon of Good Friday, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Edward Jones, organist and choirmaster at Dundas Center Church.

An interesting and excellent recital was given at the Toronto Junction College of Music on Friday night of last week by Miss Jessie Hill of Guelph, pianist, assisted by Mr. D. Linden, an exceptionally good baritone; Miss Mary Watson, contralto, and Master Harvey Gahan, a clever little violinist. Miss Hill is a finished player, with sure technique, while her phrasing and attention to light and shade are most careful and judicious. Her numbers were the Bethoven Sonata, op. 31, No. 3; Chopin's Prelude in C minor and Ballade in A flat, Chaminade's "Elevation," Sandberg's "Marche Gruesque," Bendel's "Casse de Chandon," Paderewski's "Nocturne," and two pieces by Leschetizky and Godard.

Mr. Charles A. E. Harris, who is visiting Winnipeg and other Western cities in the interests of the coming Canadian Cycle of Musical Festivals, writes that the various choruses are holding frequent rehearsals, and are already in an advanced stage of preparation. He is completing local arrangements, advising the leaders who will assist the English conductor, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and is addressing the various citizens' committees. The Western series of festivals will open at Winnipeg on April 29 and 30, and will be held in rapid succession thereafter at Brandon, New Westminster and Vancouver, terminating at Victoria on May 9. The total expenditure in connection with the Winnipeg event will be \$3,200, of which \$1,600 will go to the Minneapolis orchestra and \$1,400 to the various artists.

A correspondent of the Toronto "Globe" recently made a dismal moan about the injury inflicted upon competent musicians by unqualified teachers who give instruction at 25 cents a lesson. He advocates that people should not be allowed to teach without possessing certificates showing that they have passed an examination in music, and says that the Legislature will be petitioned to pass a law to that effect. I do not believe that first-class teachers, either of piano or of singing, suffer much hardship from the competition of the modest instructors who only ask 25 cents an hour for their services. My own knowledge is that competent teachers command from \$1 to \$4 an hour for lessons, and even at these prices their time is well occupied. I am curious to know where the advocates of a licensed system of teaching propose

to draw the line. Is a man to be prohibited from teaching the banjo, the mandolin, or even the Jew's harp, unless he passes an examination? I venture to predict that there will be great opposition to any proposal in the Legislature to give professional musicians privileges not enjoyed by those engaged in teaching in other arts. One may expect soon to hear of a demand for legislative enactments affecting sculptors, artists (painters), modellers in clay, etc. The correspondent complains of the 25-cent lesson. What would he think of the teachers in London, Eng., who offer to give a half-hour lesson on the piano for sixpence, and throw in a cup of tea and a bun!

New York will follow the lead of Chicago by producing Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius" on the 26th inst. The work will be sung by the Oratorio Society.

The New York "Evening Post" says that a tobacco company has furnished its Louisville plant with an upright piano. "Where formerly a rule of strict silence was enforced, the strains of music are heard all day, and hundreds of men, women and children sing as they work."

Mme. Roger-Miclos, the famous French pianist, will probably be heard here before the close of the season. Her manager, Mr. Ruben of New York, was in town early in the week, with the object, it is believed, of finding a favorable date.

Paderewski is engaged in putting the finishing touches on his piano sonata in E flat, and it is expected, will soon begin work on a romantic lyric drama in three acts. In consequence, Paderewski will not give concerts this year.

Messrs. Tripp, Blachford and Saunders, who constitute the Schumann Trio, may be congratulated upon introducing two movements from Smetana's trio, op. 15, in G minor, at their second concert in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening last. Smetana is almost an unknown factor in the music of this city. We have heard, it is true, one of his symphonic poems for orchestra, and also his string quartette, "Out of My Life," which latter proved "caviare to the general." But we have never heard his famous comic opera, "The Bartered Bride," nor, in fact, any of his operas, his complete cycle, "Mein Vaterland," nor his Bohemian National Dances. There must have been many like myself in the audience to whom the Smetana trio was the most welcome number on the programme, not because it was thought that the Mendelssohn trio in D minor, or the Schumann trio, "Fantasiastucke," had lost in attraction, but simply because the Smetana music, while being striking and original, had the merit of novelty. In a certain sense the two movements introduced had an orchestral tendency, and they also suggested that the influence of Wagner, of Liszt and of Berlioz had not been disregarded. The music pulsates with life and motion in the main, but is romantically varied by the apparition of several phases of a broad, expressive cantabile. There is also the characteristic Bohemian flavor about the principal themes, and altogether the work is well calculated to stimulate the interest and attention of the "blase habitue" at our local concerts. The Schumann Trio played the composition, so far as one could judge on a first hearing, with a felicitous appreciation of its distinctive style, and also of its expressive possibilities. The ensemble was well knit and mutually sympathetic, and the technical execution was firm and accurate. Mr. Saunders, the cellist, never played in my hearing with more robustness and decision. On the other hand, Mr. Tripp played with fine authority and poise, and Mr. Blachford proved himself to be a steady and trustworthy leader. In the Mendelssohn trio the most happily rendered movements were the beautiful "Andante" and the tripping "Scherzo." To me the first and last movements have always seemed to have been worked out with more science than inspiration. The trio by Schumann is always popular and attractive music, and it provided an appropriate finale to the concert. The assisting vocalist was Miss Edythe Hill, who repeated part of the programme she gave on the occasion of her debut at the Normal School, and more than confirmed the favorable impression she then made. Mrs. Blight officiated as accompanist for Miss Hill, and proved once more her exceptional talent for anticipating the impulses of the singer.

The Perth "Courier" has the following to say of Miss Abbie May Helmer's piano-playing: "It was a fashionable and music-devoted audience that was in attendance at Miss Helmer's piano recital on Monday evening, the 2nd inst. The programme consisted of eleven numbers, including Chopin's G minor Ballade, op. 23; Marche Militaire, Schubert-Tausig; Schubert-Liszt; Valse, Chopin, and Liszt's Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody. Miss Helmer is queen of her instrument, and exhibited much brilliance and ease in her playing, passing from the powerful to the delicate and gentle in easy transitions. She scored a distinct triumph." Miss Helmer is a pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth of this city.

On the 1st and 2nd inst. Mr. Rechab Tandy filled a double date engagement at Midland, Ont., on the occasion of the opening of the new Presbyterian Church in that flourishing town. Mr. Tandy did special solo work in the three services on Sunday, and on Monday evening gave a concert recital, in which he was ably assisted by two of his talented pupils, Miss Carrie B. Davidson, contralto, and Miss Maude Davidson, soprano. Both ladies did excellent vocal service in solos, duets and trios, showing to great advantage their fine voices and cultured singing. Mr. Tandy sang in his usual artistic manner, as attested by reports in the local press. On a recent date, also, Mr. Tandy sang in concert at Barrie, Ont., where he achieved a great success, being obliged to respond to numerous encores. The Barrie papers speak in high praise of his singing.

A little newsboy, who had been in an accident, came into his Sunday school class with one of his ears bandaged to his head, and said to the teacher, "I'm a good one to preach to to-day, for I got in one ear and can't get out the other."

Manners for Musical At Homes.

DON'T, when asking anyone to sing or play, casually close the piano while so doing. It is a simple act, but one most discouraging in its effect.

Don't, upon hearing some one consent to perform, throw yourself back in your chair after the manner of one about to have a tooth extracted; and don't, during the progress of a song, gaze at the carpet or keep clenching your hands. Neither should you draw in a sharp hissing breath when the accompanist mislays his fingers.

Don't applaud until you are quite sure a song or piece is ended. If, however, you have been led into this error, don't upon its discovery mutter "Good heavens!" or collapse farcically in your chair.

Don't, when turning over for a pianist, perform this little service in such a way that your arm eclipses the copy, for where the performer's memory is defective or her powers of extemporization nil there is liable to be a gap in the proceedings. Another mode deserving even severer condemnation is that of holding the lower half of the page firmly with one hand while turning the top part briskly with the other. This is an entirely wrong system, and with some editions comes in terribly expensive.

Don't, when asked to ouge with a selection, go through your entire repertoire. Even a cornet gets wearisome if played badly and a great deal.

Don't, when accompanying, try to cover the defects of the voice by crashing out big chords of your own invention, and never under any circumstances grind your teeth audibly during a singer's inadvertent wanderings from the key.

Don't let the fact of your knowing your notes prompt you to substitute them for those of the composer.

Don't, if playing an edictato, tune during those portions of the song where it is intended you should remain passive; your tuning may be no less agreeable than your playing, but here it is out of place.

Don't whistle while a song is being rendered. Even if you whistle the same melody and in a similar key, the effect is irritating to those around you.—"Punch."

Wearing out Love.

Forgive you? Oh, of course, dear. A dozen times a week! We women were created Forgiveness but to speak.

You'd like before you'd hurt me intentionally? True. But it is not O' dearest. The thing you mean to do—

It's what you do, unthinking. That makes the quick start; The tear may be forgotten— But the hurt stays in the heart.

And tho' I may forgive you A dozen times a day, Yet each forgiveness wears, dear, A little love away.

As the impatient river Wears out the patient sand, Or as the tickle ocean Wears out the faithful land, And one day you'll be grieving, And chiding me, no doubt, Because so much forgiving Has worn a great love out.—Ella Higginson.

Zangwill's Physiognomy.

Zangwill, in common with the late Canadian Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, is curiously like Lord Beaconsfield in feature, though without his blandness and polish. Lean, dark, sallow, with pronounced Jewish characteristics, his face in its rugged power is far more distinguished than any mere beauty of outline could make it. And he is not in the least sensitive to regard to the peculiarities of his appearance. Some time ago, when he was staying in New York, says the "Critic," he received a mysterious letter from an individual saying that it was his wish in life to meet the great author. At first Zangwill took no notice of the letter; but the man wrote so often and so persistently that Zangwill at last relented, and appointed a time and place for meeting. At the very chiming of the appointed hour, to him entered, as they say in the old plays, an enthusiastic German Jew, who talked and talked and talked "until he'd most took root." Zangwill's time was valuable; he had many other appointments, and, at last, gently insinuated as much. Still, his enthusiastic visitor did not depart. Even Zangwill's patience gave way. "I'm afraid," he said, "I'm very busy. What can I do for you?" "Ah-h! You had done for me. I had seen you!" was the enthusiastic visitor's somewhat unexpected reply.

An Esquimaux Episode.

"You are the light of my life," sighed the lover, edging a trifle closer on the hand-carved ice settee. "You only say that because you know I drink so much train-oil," she blubbered. However, it resulted in a match. Euclid had just propounded one of his

"The word 'dirigible,'" explained the teacher, "means capable of being steered. Now, which little boy or girl can give me a sentence in which that word is used?" Little Abijah Meddgrass raised his hand. "You may tell us, Abijah." "The bunco man in New York found that Uncle Silas was dirigible."—"Judge."

A Scotch-Speaking Coolie.

The following absolutely true story will appeal to Scotchmen, or, as they prefer to be called, Scotsmen. The Natal Government railways employ for rough labor some thousands of Madras coolies, who are imported for the purpose. These natives are once a week supplied with rations from a store presided over by a European. This official, on the occasion in question, happened to hail from the Land of Oakes; and as the coolies filed past, he, to relieve the monotony, frequently made some such remark as "Weel, Sammy, you are getting fat!" or "When air ye going awa' hame to India?"

One morning, to mystify the "jungle-walker," as he afterwards explained, he put on his broadest accent and greeted a coolie with: "Weel, ma bra' laddie, ha' air ye the noo?" Without a second's hesitation, and in perfect Gaelic,

came back the answer: "Ah, weel, maister, thank ye fa' speerin'." To hear this from a coal-black bedraggled native of India so flustered the Scotch official that he almost fell off his chair. On making inquiries the native explained that he had worked for a "Scotch boss" for several years, and had picked up from his master a good deal of the dialect. The Madrasite's heart was that morning gladdened with a double ration of rice.

Christianity and War.

Talk if you will, of hero deed, Of clash of arms and battle wonders; But prate not of your Christian creed Preached by the cannon's murderous thunders.

And if your courage needs a test, Copy the pagan's fierce behavior; Revel in bloodshed east and west, But speak not with it of the Saviour.

The Turk may wage a righteous war in honor of his martial Allah; But Thor and Odin live no more— Dead are the gods in our Valhalla.

Be what you will, entire and free, Christian or warrior—each can please us; But not the rank hypocrisy Of warlike followers of Jesus. —From the German of Bodenstadt.

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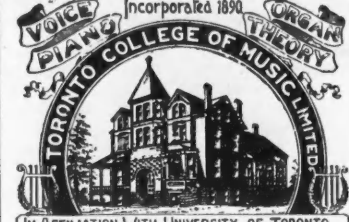
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Toronto, Jan. 9, '03.
The Mason & Risch
Piano Co., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN:

It gives me great pleasure to say that I consider the Mason & Risch Piano one of the best I have ever played upon.

(Signed) **KARL RECKZEH.**

THIS clever pianist, who recently delighted an appreciative audience at the Toronto Conservatory of Music Hall, adds another to the many compliments constantly being received by the Mason & Risch Piano Company.

Mr. Reckzeh has had an extended experience with the best pianos of Europe and America, and in including the Mason & Risch pianos among the best of these, he has paid a tribute to these instruments of which the Mason & Risch Company may well feel proud.

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Piano Co., Limited**

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"1847 Roger Bros." Plated Cutlery

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"Expansion Sale."

"Sealskin" and Persian Lamb Jackets

If you could save from 20 to 33 1-3 per cent. on the purchase—and here's just one argument why you ought to—the skins have advanced from 25 to 30 per cent. since our present stock was manufactured—and that much plus the reductions we're giving now means a great saving under what you'll have to pay for equal quality when next season opens—

Persian Lamb Jackets—plain—were 110.00 to 145.00—**for 85.00 to 110.00**

Persian Lamb Jackets, trimmed with Alaska Sable, Mink and Chinchilla—were 125.00 to 175.00—**for 95.00 to 140.00**

Alaska Seal Jackets—plain—were 175.00 to 400.00—**for 140.00 to 325.00**

Alaska Seal Jackets—trimmed—were 225.00 to 325.00—**for 185.00 to 260.00**

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J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO.
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Bain (nee Weatherston), from Winnipeg, is visiting her mother at 184 Bathurst street, where the ladies receive on Thursdays.

Miss Gladys Nordheimer is in Ottawa for the sessional gaieties, and is the guest of Mrs. Louis Jones.

Hon. Richard Harcourt, Professor Hutton and Professor Ramsay Wright accepted invitations to last Thursday's banquet at the Place Viger, given by the University of Toronto Alumni Association for the city and district of Montreal. If the Place Viger still commands the skill of its splendid chef, who has made his gastronomic fame known to all bon-viveurs, the banquet must have been enjoyable from other than social and intellectual standpoints.

Mrs. Robert J. Reade of Madison avenue, with her little ones, Miss Jessie and Masters Arnold and Macklem, will sail at the end of next month to spend a year in Germany. Dr. Reade will follow later and accompany them home by way of Paris and London.

Mrs. George Mortimer Kelley will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday and Friday of next week, at the house of her mother, Mrs. T. J. Jernyn, 703 Spadina avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Garside of Lowther avenue have gone to the Bermudas. Mrs. Garside will not receive again until May.

Mrs. G. Marshall Wells of New York, daughter of Mr. William Brown of Toronto, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ganthony at their ideal home, Richmond, Surrey, Eng.

McKendry & Co.'s Spring Opening.

Mr. A. C. Rogers, late of the Continental Costume Company, has joined forces with Messrs. McKendry & Co., and is now in New York. This promises their customers the latest and most chic New York and Paris styles, and their spring opening is an evidence of their artistic taste in selection. Mr. Rogers will pay special attention to the costume, mantle and blouse departments, and he says that the prejudice against ready-made clothing is dying out, a tendency which will be furthered no doubt by the finely finished, handsome display at McKendry's this season.

Their display of hats embraces almost every style, but the prevailing style this year is the flat, slightly raised by a band of velvet, thus suiting this rather trying style to every wearer. The trimming most in favor seems to be in fruits, and is very pretty. A rather odd one is of southern oranges, shaded from yellow to deep red, and finished with velvet of the same color. The prevailing colors are burnt straw, cinnamon brown, cornflower blue, pale blue, and pale blue and white, very dainty ones all of them. As McKendry's do a great deal of their own designing, we may expect new creations all season. Their showing of mourning millinery is extensive, and they have a fine selection of silk capes and coats. A splendid assortment of hats is shown in their window display, and is well worth seeing. They are mostly delicate combinations of pale blue and white.

Birds and Commerce.

The fact that the Government of India has just decided that no more bird skins and plumage shall be exported gives satisfaction to bird-lovers everywhere. The reason given for the Government's decision is that, owing to the wholesale destruction of birds, destructive insects have it all their own way, and crops in India have suffered alarmingly from this cause.

The feather trade is an important part of the commerce of London, as anyone who has seen the London and India docks warehouse during a feather sale can realize. The supply from India alone is enormous.

Picture veritable mountains of the feathers of the green parrot, which is a favorite with the plumassier on account of its adaptability. Green, shimmering hills of millions of feathers that not long ago were the proud possession of the gleaming denizens of the Indian woodlands, and through the glorious green a shimmer of scarlet, that beautiful red which, for brilliance, is not surpassed anywhere in nature.

The effect of stopping this trade means greater prosperity for the ostrich farmers in South Africa, and possible legislative action as to the destruction of birds in the south of Europe.

"These."

In his recent book, "Bar, Stage and Platform," Mr. Herman C. Merivale, whose father was permanent Under Secretary for the Colonies, and one of whose uncles was a rival of Niebuhr in scholarship, tells of an amusing experience of another uncle of whom the world has heard little.

This Mr. Merivale was a thoroughgoing cockney. London was as the breath of his nostrils; notwithstanding he purchased a country place, intending personally to supervise the crops. To this end he asked advice of a bucolic friend, a man of many acres, who complied, and began with the kitchen-garden.

"Now look at these," said he. "You have a fine crop of these. First you must do so and so in July, then such and such things in September, and next year there will be something to remember."

"Quite so," assented Mr. Merivale, politely. "But I must begin at the beginning. In the first place, what are 'these'?"

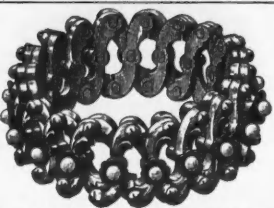
"Do you mean to say you don't know?" gasped the country gentleman. "Haven't the faintest idea," said Mr. Merivale, cheerfully.

"These are—potatoes!" his friend replied, divided between amusement and amazement.

Is there some happy town,
Now on the map,
Where every passenger
Gets seat or strap?
—Buffalo "Express."

First divinity student—"What is the subject for discussion at the Debating Society to-night? Second ditto—The Influence of Creased Trousers on the Decadence of Prayer.—Ex.

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Marvelous Acrobats.

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Comedian.

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THE PERFECT PIANO-PLAYER

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If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well a few bottles will do you good.

The Diastase of the Malt aids digestion, while the well known tonic and sedative properties of the hops improve the appetite and insure sound sleep.



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and handsomely equip-
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open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., until Satur-
day, March 28th.

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They find a feast of good things at B. M. & T. Jenkins. We have just the things in furniture that mark the difference between a commonly furnished and a cleverly furnished home.

Fine Old Colonial Furniture

Old China—Old Pewter—Old Copper

Curious Old Brass

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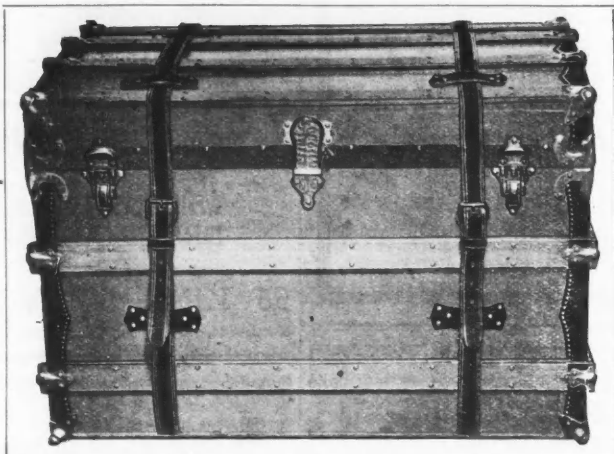
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Leather bound, very closely nailed, all riveted corners, two straps all the way around, rubber cushion corners, brass lock and linen lined, two trays.

PRICE—32 inches, \$13.00; 34 inches, \$14.00; 36 inches, \$15.00
No. 864 is three inches lower and the price is \$1.00 less.

Catalogue S

will tell you about all the leading lines we make in Fine Traveling and Leather Goods. It is mailed free. We also pay express charges in Ontario and Quebec.

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The fine sweeping lines, choice carving and generous proportions of this set will appeal to judges of art in furniture, while the very moderate price we quote will interest careful buyers who want the best.

Following are the particulars:

- One Mahogany Dresser, No. 2194, 55 inches wide, with British bevelled plate mirror, 32 x 42.
- One Mahogany Cheffonier to match, 38 inches wide, with bevelled plate mirror, 22 x 28.
- One Mahogany Somnoe to match top.

\$225.00

In addition to the above and other suites of this class we show a comprehensive line of less expensive sets and individual pieces, ranging downward in price by easy stages to suites at \$13.00.

The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co.
97 YONGE STREET

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Miller Lash went down to the opening of Parliament on Wednesday. Mrs. Lash is a sister of Colonel Thompson, who moved the address in reply to the speech from the Throne.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith of May place, who have been south since the sad bereavement of their daughter's death, have returned to Toronto.

Among those present at the private view on Saturday night were Mr. Justice and Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. Hagarty, the Misses Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. George Ridout, Miss Ridout, Mrs. Thorold, Mr. W. J. Thorold, Miss Thorold, the Misses Tully, Mr. Mickle, Mr. Dickson, Patterson, Mrs. Fraser Lefroy, Mr. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. McGilivray Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Miss Jette Vickers, Mr. and Mrs. John King, Miss Windeat, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ellis, Miss Florence Carlyle, Miss Laura Muntz, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Mr. Manly, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Nicholls, Professor Vander-Smissen, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mr. Macklem, jr., Mr. and Mrs. DuVernet, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mrs. H. S. Strathairn and Miss Helen Strathairn, Miss Winch. The "Everyman" performance attracted some of these gentlemen, who came in very late to see the pictures. Mr. Ben Greet also took a tour of the rooms with an artist friend, whose enthusiasm over the play must have pleased him.

Mrs. Acland is being bidden good-by at various pleasant little affairs given in her honor this month. I believe she and

her family are to leave Canada the last week in March to join Mr. Acland in London.

A delightful and informal evening was given on Saturday last by Miss Morgan for her cousin, Mrs. King, who has been visiting her. The affair was only inclusive of an intimate circle, and a carpet dance was enjoyed by the guests, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. James Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Heron, Mr. Jack Ince, Miss Leila McDonnell, Miss Clarkson Jones, Miss Mary Miles, Miss Gladys Buchanan, Mr. Greer, Mr. Hamber, Mr. Ridout, Mr. Fellows, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Rolph.

The Saturday afternoon lectures at Trinity are proving very interesting this season, and the fine audience which greeted Rev. G. F. Davidson on Saturday is a proof that they attract people in spite of wretched climatic conditions. The three lectures which have been delivered by Judge Macdonald, Rev. Professor Clark and Mr. Davidson on Walks About London, People I Have Met, and the Coronation, have titles suggestive of their popular interest. Dr. Symonds lectures this afternoon on Ancient Civilizations and Modern Civilization, and the lecture promises to be of great merit. Among those at last Saturday's lecture were Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar, Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. James Strathairn, Miss Louise Strathairn, Rev. Carey Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Loosmore, Rev. Marmaduke Hare, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. and Miss Delamere, Mrs. and Miss Cartwright, Miss Sylvester, Lieut. Colonel Villiers, Mrs. Edward Leigh and Miss Maude Barwick, Miss Hill, who gave her fine views of the Coronation at her own lecture last evening, Mrs. Jukes Johnston, Canon Welch, Mrs. and Miss Hagarty, and such a number beside that standing room was the "dernier resort."

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Afternoon Tea...

NOTICE.

A General Meeting of the Stockholders of The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, will be held at the hour of 3 p. m. on Wednesday, March 25 next, at the office of the Company, SATURDAY NIGHT Building, 26 St. Adelaide Street West, for the purposes of receiving the annual statement of the affairs of the Company, electing officers for the ensuing year, and such other business as may be brought before the meeting. By order,

R. BUTCHART, Sec.-Treas.

Toronto, March 4, 1903.

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Matters are ordered in such a way at Potter's that only first quality lenses are offered to customers. It is not so in all stores—in fact, it is somewhat difficult to get these lenses in the retail trade. At Potter's they had to be specially imported, and they reached that house in the manufacturer's original packages, with the maker's own labels reading "First Quality" thereon. At Potter's they are not called by any high-sounding title, such as peerless, or perfect, or crystal, but simply "First Quality," a title which seems to satisfy the large manufacturers of both continents. But the real substance of the matter is this: GET THE BEST—if not in all things, at least in spectacle lenses. For you and for YOUR EYES the best are none too good. And at Potter's you may depend on the best—genuine first quality—lenses unsurpassed in excellence. 85 Yonge street, Toronto.

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FEDERAL LIFE.

Twenty-First Annual Statement. DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The new business of the year consisted of two thousand and twelve applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,806,600, of which nineteen hundred and forty-three applications for \$2,739,625 were accepted; applications for \$126,975 were rejected or held for further information.

As in previous years, the income of the Company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the Company have been increased by \$192,462.31, and have now reached \$1,642,387.81, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$2,512,387.81, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$1,474,740.48, showing a surplus of \$1,037,647.33. Exclusive of unclaimed guarantee capital, the surplus of Policyholders was \$167,647.33.

Policies on sixty-one lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$132,328.88, of which \$16,048.54 was re-insured in other companies; a rate of mortality considerably under that provided for.

Including Cash Dividends and Dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, \$32,214.74, with annuities, the total payments to Policyholders amounted to \$201,411.68.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the Company's funds in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the Company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded better than the average results of Insurance Companies doing business in Canada.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress in every desirable direction. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the Directors for your approval show an advance of eleven per cent. in income, thirteen per cent. in assets, and fourteen per cent. in the amount of insurance written.

The assurances carried by the company now amount to \$13,981,577.56, upon which the Company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

The field officers and Agents of the Company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful in the Company's service.

DAVID DEXTER,

President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company: Gentlemen: We have made a careful audit of the books of your Company for the year ending 31st December, 1902, and have certified to their correctness. The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your Company as on 31st December is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted,

H. S. STEPHENS,

J. J. MASON, Auditors.

Hamilton, 3rd March, 1903.

Financial Statement For 1902.

Premium and Annuity Income.....	\$481,203.89
Interest and Rents.....	71,297.86
	\$552,501.66
Paid to Policyholders.....	\$201,411.68
All other payments.....	167,692.00
Balance.....	183,397.98
	\$552,501.66

ASSETS—December 31st, 1902.

Debentures and Bonds.....	\$ 371,100.86
Mortgages.....	665,822.95
Loans on Policies, Bonds, Stocks, etc.....	278,709.24
All other Assets.....	326,754.76
	\$1,642,387.81

LIABILITIES.

Reserve Fund.....	\$1,435,641.55
Death Losses awaiting proofs.....	18,000.00
Other Liabilities.....	21,098.93
Surplus on Policyholders' Account.....	167,647.33
	\$1,642,387.81
Assets.....	\$1,642,387.81
Guarantee Capital.....	870,000.00
Total Security.....	\$2,512,387.81
Policies were Issued Assuring.....	\$2,739,625.00
Total Assurance in Force.....	\$13,981,577.56

At the Annual Meeting of Shareholders, held at the Head Office of the Company in Hamilton on Tuesday, the 3rd of March, the foregoing reports and statement were received and adopted on the motion of President David Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. W. Kerns.

All the retiring Directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the Directors the following officers were re-elected: Mr. David Dexter, President and Managing Director; Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Mr. T. H. Macpherson, Vice-Presidents.

"She made one step forward. 'If you do, I'll kill myself.'"

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you hear?" she repeated, in an inexpressible tone of anguish, 'if you marry, I will kill myself.'"

"Well, do so, if you wish," he replied, affecting carelessness.

"Oh, don't defy me; I'll jump from that window!"

"He laughed, advanced to the window, opened it, and bowing ceremoniously, said: 'Nothing need prevent you, mademoiselle.'"

"She looked at him one second, fixedly, terribly, wildly; then, taking a start as if to jump a hedge in a field, she passed before me, before him, cleared the balustrade, and disappeared."

"I never will forget the emotion I felt before that open window, after having seen that body falling through space. I dared not look. Instinctively I recoiled as if I, too, were going to fall. John stood aghast, motionless. They brought in the unfortunate girl. She had two broken legs. Never will she walk again. Her lover, crazed with remorse, and perhaps also moved by such a desperate proof of love, married her. That is John Sumner's story."—Adapted from the French of Guy de Maupassant by Mrs. Robert Burns.

Euclid has just propounded one of his most brilliant problems. "Yes, I know," replied his wife; "but I wish you'd go down cellar and read the gas-meter. I want—"

"But, muttering something about a forgotten engagement, he hastily dashed from the house."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

McMillan—March 6, Toronto, Mrs. Thom. McMillan, a daughter.

Gamsby—March 9, Toronto, Mrs. Eldon D. Gamsby, a daughter.

Breber—March 9, Toronto, Mrs. James Breber, a son.

Monro—March 11, Thorold, Mrs. Wm. Monro, a daughter.

Eaton—March 5, Toronto, Mrs. R. W. Eaton, a son.

Marriages.

Parker—Chaplin—At Orchard House, St. Catharines, March 7, 1903, by the Rev. George H. Smith, M.A., D.D., Alfred Ramsay Parker, R.N., of London, England, to Harriette S., youngest daughter of Wm. Chaplin.

Harding—Monypenny—March 11, Toronto, Chas. V. M. Harding to Minnie Flavelle Monypenny.

Simmons—Rose—Feb. 28, Niagara Falls,

N.Y., Charles A. Simmons to Mary Rose.

Hayes—Holmes—March 4, Toronto, Walter Franklin Hayes to Helen Gertrude Holmes.

Tobias—Nicolson—March 10, Hamilton, F. E. Tobias to Lillian Gabrielle Nicolson.

Marshall—Smallpeice—March 7, Parkdale, Beverley Greig Marshall to Lillian Smallpeice.

Keating—Gurd—March 3, Denver, Bert-rand H. Keating, M.D., to Jessie Tal-fourd Gurd.

Deaths.

Walker—March 7, Elora, Rev. Robert Walker, aged 82 years.

Lynch—Stanton—March 7, Hamilton, Emily Victoria Lynch-Stanton, aged 3 years.

Mullica—March 6, Woodstown, N.J., Mrs. Keturah Moore Mullica.

Pomeroy—March 7, Detroit, Mrs. Mary W. Pomeroy.

Cameron—March 8, Toronto, John Gordon Cameron, aged 62 years.

Watt—March 7, Toronto, Christine Watt, aged 8 years.

Porter—March 10, Toronto, Agnes Porter, aged 65 years.

Boxall—March 5, Toronto, George Boxall, aged 65 years.

Cressor—Owen Sound, His Honor Judge Cressor, Judge of the County of Grey.

Bigger—March 9, St. Catharines, Mrs. Amelia Bigger, aged 83 years.

Birnie—March 8, Collingwood, Mrs. Caroline Bell Birnie, aged 76 years.

Senior—March 9, Toronto, Mrs. R. Senior.

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